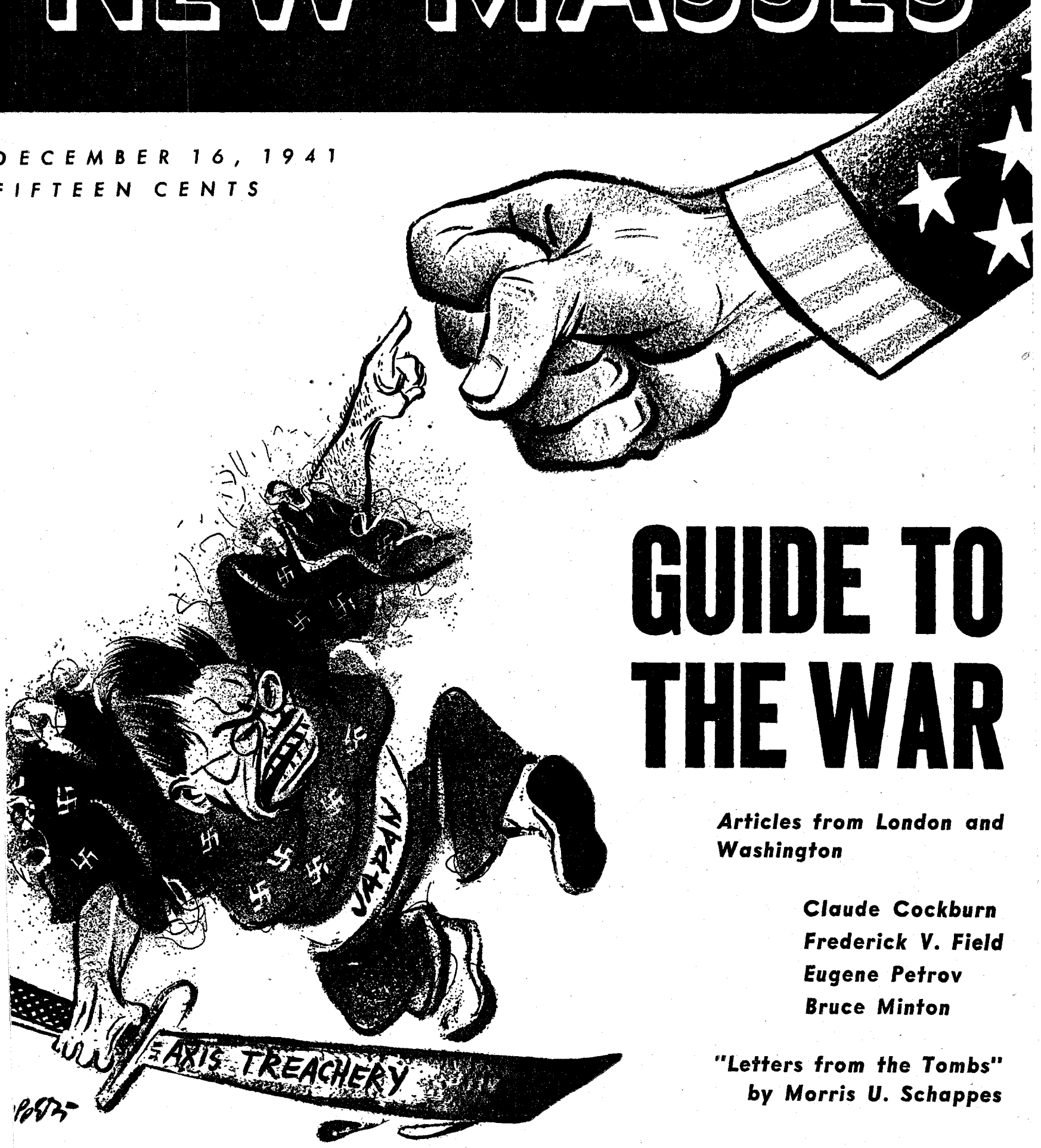
WHAT EVERY CITIZEN CAN DO TO WIN THE WAR

NEW MASSES

DECEMBER 16, 1941
FIFTEEN CENTS



GUIDE TO THE WAR

Articles from London and Washington

Claude Cockburn
Frederick V. Field
Eugene Petrov
Bruce Minton

"Letters from the Tombs" by Morris U. Schappes

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Between Ourselves

FIRST NM reaction to the war came at 2:26 Sunday afternoon. One of the editors was fixing his youngster's toy train while listening to the broadcast of the Dodgers-Giants football game. Interruption. Flash: Hawaii bombed. This United Press bulletin from the White House was the Mutual Broadcasting System's four-minute scoop over all other networks. Bang goes the toy train. A Dodger halfback is left in the middle of a lateral pass. And the telephone begins to hum in Croton, Sunnyside, lower Manhattan. What happened, Daddy? Time enough to explain. Meantime we've got to make up a new magazine in thirty-six hours.

Sunday is the Axis war-by-treachery day. Six months ago it was the wanton attack on the Soviet Union. Now it is the murderous attack on the United States. But nobody naps. By three o'clock the

American people had been mobilized for action. NM editors were soon in session, mapping on our own front the campaign in this new turn of the anti-fascist war.

You see the first results between these covers. You can trace the editorial process yourself. An editor's home has become the emergency field office. All the necessary equipment is there: a telephone, radio, typewriter, basket of sandwiches. Item: cable to London; Cockburn, of course. Item: on-the-spot wire from Bruce Minton in Washington. Item: a batch of Gropper's anti-Mikado drawings (we have that on hand—Joe North has hurried down from Croton, where he was celebrating Bill's forty-third birthday party with the champion of anti-fascist artists). Not a moment to be lost. We're fighting now with the boys at Pearl Harbor, Guam, Manila.

Literally. There are dear ones and near ones with our forces in Hawaii and the Philippines. Boy friends, brothers. There are homes, children to defend.

And so the issue takes shape under the pressure of a deep faith and understanding. We're in the fight. We're going to win. And, like our readers, we're proud to do our part.

The Japanese attack came shortly after the NM Annual Ball drew to a close in Sunday's wee hours. The ball combined good fun with the underlying serious theme of the evening, "Kickin' the Panzer." Joining in the festivities were a number of NM contributors and former editors who could trace their association with the magazine for thirty years. Much thanks to the cast of "Kickin' the Panzer" and to those who contributed material, including Earl Robinson, Alex North, George Kleinsinger, Freddie Katz, and Mike Stratton.

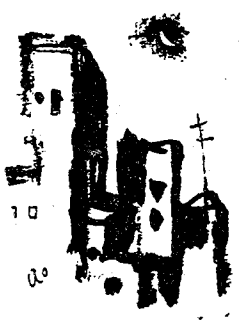
Look forward to the biggest Interpretation Please of the series. The topic: "America at War." Time and place: December 19, 8 PM, at Webster Hall. The participants will include Sam Darcy, Morris U. Schappes, Joseph Starobin, William Blake. John Stuart will be interlocutor.

On New Year's Eve NM will sponsor a dance at the Royal Windsor, on 66th Street east of Broadway. Admission: 83 cents in advance; 99 cents at the door. Special features will be announced in our next issue.

Because of last minute changes in this issue, it was necessary to postpone publication of A. B. Magil's article on Detroit and Defense, announced last week.

Christmas is at hand. We're in the war. Two additional reasons for giving NM subscriptions to your friends. Please turn to the back cover for details of the special Christmas offer.

Samuel Putnam, whose review of *Broad and Alien Is the World* appears in this issue, informs us that a giant anti-Hitler demonstration will take place in Rosario, Argentina, this week. Sponsored by the Argentinian Association of Intellectuals, Artists, Journalists, and Writers, this meeting will be attended by representatives from Chile, Uruguay, Paraguay, and Peru. Mr. Putnam, as chairman of the Latin American Section of the League of American Writers, announced the message of greetings sent by the League: "We North American writers are definitely on the side of all those people and forces which in this historic hour are struggling against Nazism and fascism of any and every kind. We are unqualifiedly in favor of all possible aid to the Soviet Union, England, and all our other allies, the enemies of Hitler. We are in complete accord with you, the intellectuals of the Rio de la Plata, in your manifestation of democratic solidarity on the international field."



The NM editorial and business staff has sent a telegram to President Roosevelt wholeheartedly supporting his declaration of war message to Congress and pledging every effort to carry the war to victory. The message was sent immediately after the assembled staff had heard the President over the radio. We hope that all NM readers will send similar messages of support in prosecution of the war. Another telegram along the same lines was sent to Mayor LaGuardia.

Who's Who

FREDERICK V. FIELD is a well known authority on Far Eastern affairs. He was formerly secretary of the Institute of Pacific Relations. . . . Abraham Unger is a New York lawyer. . . . Morris Schappes' letters in this issue are from his book *Letters from the Tombs* to be published in a few days. Richard Wright has written the preface . . . Eugene Petrov is a well known Soviet writer . . . Claude Cockburn was formerly editor of the newsletter *The Week*.

THIS WEEK

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Two weeks' notice is required for change of address. Notification sent to NEW MASSES rather than to the post office will give the best results.

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I. Our country is in great danger—the greatest in its history. The prerequisites for victory. High morale, full unity, maximum production for the men on the battle lines. How all of us can help. An editorial.

AMERICA has given its answer. Through the President of the United States, through the Congress, through the words of individuals and organizations representing all parties and classes, through the anger and determination of the entire nation, America has spoken. As one man, the country rises to meet the challenge to its existence. Against the gangster attack of the Axis powers operating through Japan is turned the will and strength of a great democratic people. From now on guns will do the talking, out of our factories will pour annihilating steel to strike down the enemy wherever he may be. Whatever the cost, whatever the sacrifice, we shall not fail.

For all of us this is an hour heavy with the weight of history. The movement of titanic world forces has suddenly grown palpable in our own lives; what only yesterday was vague and distant has become a menacing flame leaping at our very roots. For ten years we have lived with this terror and yet not lived with it. It was always against other lands that it seemed to be moving: Manchuria, Ethiopia, Spain, China, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Poland, France, Britain, the Soviet Union. And it *was* moving against other lands, and against ours, against every one separately and all together—until now it is in our own house. It is our own sons, our own brothers whose blood is being spilled. That blood was first shed in Spain in 1936-39. Now it is flowing on American soil. And it is toward our own throats that this vulture hand, those fingers of death, reaching out from Berlin, are stretched.

THE JAPANESE ATTACK on Pearl Harbor and other American Pacific bases has ended the illusion that the United States could be half in and half out of the war. The possibility of peace for America was dealt a mortal blow six months ago by the Nazi attack on Soviet Russia. Now comes the culminating crime in the Axis drive for world conquest, catapulting our country into total war for its own survival. Berlin's strategy is to compel us to wage this as a war against a single Axis partner, thereby weakening both the other nations fighting against Hitlerism and ourselves. Our strategy and the only strategy that can assure victory and shorten the duration of the conflict must be to wage it as a single war against the entire Axis. This requires a complete military alliance with Britain, the USSR, China, the Netherlands, and the other anti-Axis countries.

President Franklin D. Roosevelt
The White House,
Washington, D. C.

The editors and staff of NEW MASSES, having just heard your historic message to Congress, pledge all our strength, our loyalty, our lives to the victory over our nation's enemies. At this time of unparalleled national emergency the national unity of all Americans is imperative. We pledge you our untiring effort to work for that unity.

Barbara Giles, A. B. Magil, Ruth McKenney, Bruce Minton, Joseph North, Joseph Starobin, John Stuart.

Undoubtedly the appeasers, faithfully reflecting the needs of America's enemies, will oppose this course, openly or covertly. The New York *Daily News,* whose pro-Japanese editorials have touched new lows in recent weeks, even urged the day after Japan's attack that the United States abandon the defense of the Philippines. And Senator Nye had the effrontery publicly to justify the Japanese assault and to attack his own country as having done "its utmost to provoke a quarrel with Japan."

But what shall be said of the counsel which these soothsayers of defeat and their friends have for so long given the American people? The bombs that fell on our Pacific bases last Sunday inflicted not only military damage and loss of life, but smashed the pernicious philosophy of Lindbergh, Wheeler, Hoover, Hearst, the America First Committee, and their ilk. Their contention that if the tiger were only fed large enough chunks of raw meat torn from the bodies of other nations, it would

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look with kittenish affection on the United States, now stands revealed as not only colossally false, but as just what Doctor Hitler prescribed to weaken and destroy America. When Lindbergh in his recent Madison Square Garden speech admitted he had urged the British and French governments to incite Hitler to attack Russia, he was confessing, it is now clear, that he had urged that Hitler and his Japanese satellites be encouraged to make war on America—to make war under conditions that would have been most unfavorable for us.

Yet this same Lindbergh, after communing with his soul for an entire day, has finally rolled his eyes to heaven and spoken his piece in support of war on Japan—taking care, however, to insert a phrase about building up our own armed forces which implies that we ought to fight in isolation from our allies. Most of the appeasers, including the America First Committee, are trying to crawl out from under their own crimes by shouting louder than anybody else for prosecution of the war and for national unity. But patriotism is no bandwagon to be climbed on when expedient (the better to sabotage our defense). National unity? By all means. Unity of Republicans, Democrats, Laborites, and Communists, of capitalists, farmers, small business and professional people and workers, of all who sincerely stand for a fight to the finish against the fascist bandits. And that this unity must include the deluded followers of America First, who are now having their eyes opened, goes without saying.

But the national front for the defense of America is not big enough to include treason even if it puts on respectable clothes. We do not agree with the New York *Times* that the Lindberghs and Nyes and General Woods are "good patriots and good Americans" and should be welcomed in this great national effort. We do not believe our country's war against Japan and its allies can be strengthened by collaboration with the American Petains and Lavals. On the contrary, we hold with Dorothy Thompson, who was giving voice to the feelings of most loyal Americans when she wrote on December 8: "There is no place in this war for America First Committees, soiling with their machinations a great title for a great effort. The time has come to fight for freedom for America first, united with all our allies against our thoroughly united enemies."

"United with all our allies." To be truly united with them, we must be united among ourselves. This unity will not come of itself merely by repeating that we all support the war. It must be forged in action, in self-sacrifice, in the sweat and vision of little people as well as big, in the spirit of America's best traditions. We are fighting a great national war in which J. P. Morgan and the poorest sharecropper have a vital stake. That is a source of potential strength, but it also creates problems that may produce serious weaknesses unless they are boldly met. For in capitalist society there are so many tensions, so many conflicting social pressures, that national unity can be achieved only if all patriotic elements are ready to compromise and subordinate their differences and work together for the common cause. And working together for the common cause means giving full scope to the abilities and initiative of all. We cannot ignore the fact that there are those among us who regard our official involvement in war as an opportunity to secure selfish advantage, to grind their own axes, whether these axes be labor-manacling and defense-weakening anti-strike legislation or the precipitation of strikes in situations which can and must be settled without stoppage of work. Those who act in this way willy-nilly play into the hands of our country's enemies.

THIS GRAVE NATIONAL CRISIS offers us a supreme opportunity to end those practices that

Labor Is Ready

THERE was heartening news from the labor front in the wake of the Japanese attack on the United States. In the settlement of the captive mine dispute with the granting of the union shop, both the United Mine Workers and the companies, as well as the government, are to be commended for a solution that has ended the danger of a stoppage in this vital defense industry. At Morgantown, W. Va., striking welders employed in building a $40,000,000 ordnance plant have returned to work because of the outbreak of war. And in New York a strike of gasoline service station employees was called off in order that navy men on leave should not be delayed in getting back to their stations. Simultaneously, the AFL and CIO, as well as individual unions throughout the country, have pledged their utmost to the defense of the country.

These incidents demonstrate the readiness of labor to make necessary sacrifices and give full cooperation in the war effort. Unfortunately this same spirit is not manifest on all sides. At the very moment when the Japanese attack has made all the more urgent national unity and the strengthening of morale, reactionaries in Congress, many of them with appeasement leanings, are conspiring to strike a heavy blow at our country's defense through the passage of the Smith anti-strike bill. Now more than ever such legislation is a crime against America. The organized workers have declared through their official spokesmen of the CIO and AFL that they are prepared voluntarily to eliminate strikes and to utilize governmental mediation machinery, but they do not intend to permit our native Hitlerites to destroy their fundamental rights. Nor will they passively allow selfish employers to take advantage of the workers' readiness to sacrifice for national defense in order to swell corporate profits and undermine wages, hours, and working conditions. The maintenance and improvement of the American standard of living are also essential for maximum production and maximum morale.

Pres. Philip Murray of the CIO and Pres. William Green of the AFL have independently urged that President Roosevelt convene a conference of labor, industry, and government to iron out the difficulties in their own relations and step up production. This proposal has received considerable support outside the labor movement and has been embodied in two bills introduced by Reps. Augustine Kelley of Pennsylvania and Vito Marcantonio of New York. This is a sensible and constructive approach. It is especially pertinent in view of the statement issued by Undersecretary of War Patterson calling for production of munitions on a twenty-four-hour basis with "additional overtime work and second and third shifts arranged." That is a program which the labor movement has been urging for months, though it is questionable whether in view of the unused labor reserves overtime work is as yet necessary. The kind of conference proposed by Murray and Green could lay the basis for the organization of all-out production. It could also promote unity of action on the part of the AFL and CIO around the common objective of outproducing and defeating the Axis.

Such a conference would be a major step toward bringing labor into full partnership in the planning and direction of the defense program. On this question too there is agreement in principle between the CIO and AFL. The CIO has also made a specific proposal for achieving close collaboration between labor and management on the production front: the Murray Plan for industry councils. Far-sighted capitalists and government officials are beginning to appreciate the importance of some such setup in order to utilize to the full the practical experience, creative initiative, and patriotic self-sacrifice of the workers in the factories and mines and offices of the country.

America has the machines, America has the manpower and womanpower jointly with its allies to smash Hitlerism and its Japanese triggermen. Full steam ahead!

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stand in the way of national unity. One of the worst is the discrimination against the Negro people. Japanese agents have for years been working among this section of our population, exploiting justified grievances in order to align the Negro people behind a crusade, under the leadership of Japanese imperialism, of "colored races" against the "white race." The fraudulent nature of this crusade is attested by Japan's aggressions against the Chinese and other colored peoples and its alliance with "white" Germany and Italy. In relation to the total Negro population in this country, these Japanese agents have met with but meager success, but the fact that they have been able to mislead even a few thousand Negroes is a warning signal. Certain it is that the lynch rope and the gun, whether employed in the South or in Harlem, and discrimination in the armed forces and on defense jobs are hardly the most effective ways of impressing on the Negro people that America is fighting a war for freedom. We now have the opportunity to take long strides toward wiping out these shameful conditions. And NEW MASSES is confident that the overwhelming majority of black men and women will loyally cooperate in our country's defense, shouldering their share of the burdens, and giving the best that is in them for the common victory.

Other anti-democratic practices, such as anti-Semitism and persecution of the foreign-born, should likewise be stamped out as detrimental to national defense. Shortly after the Japanese attack a group of Polish-Americans in training at a Polish army camp in Canada wired President Roosevelt, offering their services against Japan. This is typical of the attitude of the vast majority of Americans of foreign birth or parentage. The first American soldier killed in the Pacific was Peter Niedzwiecki. In this connection it is a good omen that the Department of Justice, in rounding up Japanese agents, seems to be avoiding the mistake made by France and Britain and is making no wholesale arrests. We believe that most of the 92,000 Japanese in this country, despite the fact that they have been barred from American citizenship, are loyal to the United States.

In the welding of our people into a single invincible force, such groups as the United Service Organization, which looks after the needs of our soldiers and sailors, and the various civilian defense activities play an important role. They are important for morale —an ingredient without which no war can be won. They should be actively supported.

Finally—and in this case the last is most important of all—toleration of the "business as usual" attitude in defense production must be ended. It has been said that this war will be won or lost on the assembly line. It is the literal truth. America has the most powerful industrial machine in the world. In recent months we have made steady progress in expanding defense output, but this is no longer sufficient. We have now the task of making an extraordinary effort, of devoting not fifteen percent of our production to defense, as at present, but fifty or sixty percent, or more if necessary. We must produce in 1942 enormous quantities of tanks, planes, guns, and other weapons required for the fronts in the Pacific and Asia, in Europe and in Africa. It can be done. There is not the slightest doubt that the combined resources of the United States, Britain, the Soviet Union, and the Netherland Indies, if speedily converted into military power, can overwhelm the Axis on all fronts and lift for all time this hideous nightmare from the eyes of mankind. Labor's full partnership in this production effort is absolutely indispensable, not because it will strengthen labor, but because it will strengthen national defense.

THE FASCIST POWERS have declared to the world's millions: Forget the sun. Forget freedom. You shall be serfs and beasts of burden forever. America refuses to accept that fate. America refuses to agree that life must imitate death, that all culture must darken, all hope, all vision turn to ashes. Because we believe in mankind, we believe in mankind's triumph over the bloody barbarians who seek to unfurl their slave banner over the earth. In the words of President Roosevelt: "No matter how long it may take us to overcome this premeditated invasion, the American people in their righteous might will win through to absolute victory." We pledge our strength, our toil, our lives, for this victory over fascism everywhere.

THE ALLIES WE NEED

II. Why Japan attacked the United States now. Full military collaboration with all countries fighting fascism a requirement for victory. What Latin America can do.

THE war which began as an incident in faraway Mukden just ten years ago this autumn has now reached its inexorable climax in a physical attack on the American flag, on American ships, American men, on America itself. Imperial Japan's effort to enslave China and the weaker peoples of Asia, the basic theme of Japanese policy since the beginning of the century, has now unfolded in its full implications as an attack on the vital, historic national interests of Britain and the United States. The war in the Far East has merged with the war in Europe. The "twain" have met.

Only five years ago this autumn Japan joined in a secret compact with Germany, ostensibly designed against Communism. But after all the blackmail and racketeering of anti-Communist alarums, the whole world now sees clearly the conspiracy to destroy everything democratic and advanced in human tradition, a conspiracy to enslave whole peoples and continents. For if there were any doubt in American minds that Hitler's attack on Soviet Russia last June was also an attack on Britain and the United States, among others, that doubt finally should be removed. The war reveals itself for what it always was: indivisible, one war.

Our country is therefore confronted with the greatest crisis in its history, the culminating crisis of our century. All the hesitations, miscalculations, mistaken illusions of the past now disclose their grim futility. Appeasement of Japan—like appeasement of the fascists anywhere—reveals itself as the policy which enabled our enemies to choose the time and place for their crime. Isolation reveals itself as a hopeless, treacherous myth. The idea that we could defend ourselves by retreating to our own shores, the idea that we could save ourselves by betraying our friends and allies, has been blasted to bits. Millions now realize overnight what a relative handful, among them a man called Earl Browder, realized and argued all these years. There can be no compromise with the forces of the rapacious barbaric medievalism which threatens us on two oceans: there can only be struggle, and victory for one or the other.

The atmosphere has cleared. In the refreshing air of new understanding, we Americans have to defend ourselves by taking the offensive. As the President has declared, "With confidence in our armed forces, with the unbounding determination of our people, we will gain the inevitable triumph."

THE QUESTION ARISES: Why did Japan strike against the United States as well as the south Pacific? The answer develops something as follows. By midsummer the men of Tokyo realized that they could not take any further positions in the south Pacific without running directly astride the vital positions of Britain, the Dutch empire, and the United States. By August the Western powers had belatedly, but definitely, ended the policy of trade relations with Japan. Her exports were cut off and she could no longer rely on our materials for her war preparations. At the same time the United States began to improve

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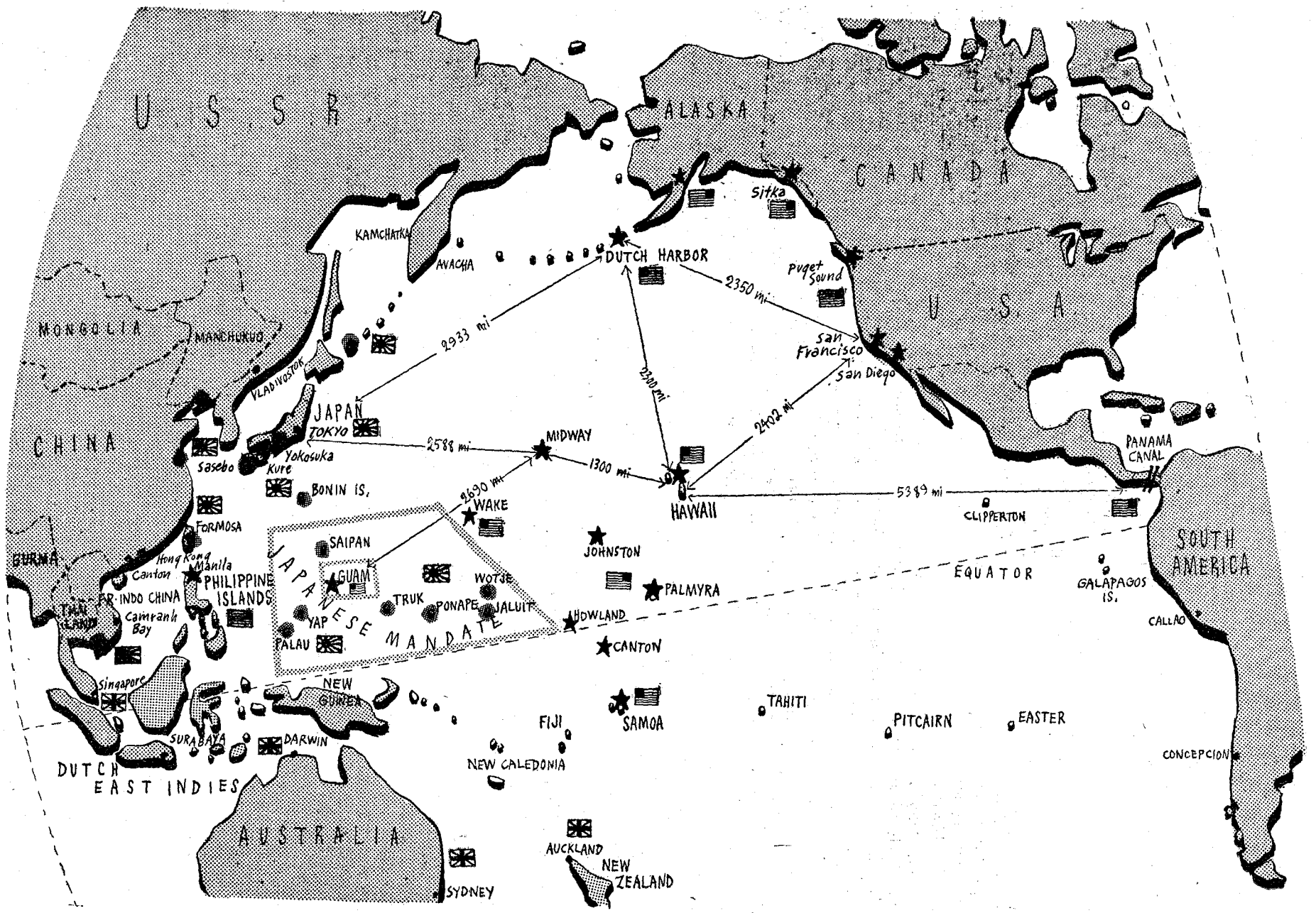
THEATER OF THE PACIFIC FRONT



The Pacific is a theater of vast distances; most people hardly realize that fact and were therefore surprised by Japan's initial gains. As the map shows, the Philippines lie deep into the ocean, about 7,000 miles from our West Coast, and 5,000 miles from the bulwark of our d enses at Hawaii. Japan herself is 3,000 miles from Singapore and even further from the Dutch East Indies; though she will have to fight her way past itish and Dutch warships, as well as our own, she has a definite advantage in these waters because we are so far away, and because the Camranh Bay at Indo-China is now under her control. Notice also that Guam is in the midst of the islands which Japan secured after the first world war, undoub y now fortified. Attacks on Wake Island and Midway form part of the Japanese plan to deprive our fleet and planes of their stopping-off places on their voyages westward. Below the Equator, however, we have a strategic line, with the help of British and Australian bases. Although a longer line, it is out of Japan's range. In the north, from Dutch Harbor in the Aleutian Islands, we also have a strong position against Japan proper. Note also the strategic importance of the Soviet Union. American outposts are shown in stars; Japanese in dots, near Japanese flags; British and Australian ply the Union Jack.

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relations with China: Admiral Magruder's mission was sent over, experts explored the problems of the Burma Road, lend-lease materials began to flow, advisers such as Dr. Owen Lattimore reached Chungking; our help to China began to transcend mere sympathy.

Thus Japan had already taken so many steps that no steps of a partial character remained. The chances were that an attack on Siam, or Burma, or Malaya would have brought war in any case. An attack against Soviet Siberia would have been risky, in view of the fact that Soviet armies had twice before, in the summers of '38 and '39, trounced substantial Japanese forces. Such an attack to the north, moreover, would not immediately give Japan the resources she coveted.

Japan's position was such that minor concessions from the United States were not enough, whereas major concessions were incompatible with America's vital interests. Kurusu, the special Japanese emissary, must have made that clear to his superiors soon after his arrival in Washington, if, as is even more likely, his negotiations as a whole were not merely a blind for Japan's preparations.

When the negotiations deadlocked on November 26, it was assumed in most American circles that Japan wished to gain time in the hope of a better turn of events in Europe. But as Claude Cockburn points out on page 9, the exact opposite might also have been true, namely, that Hitler's difficulties forced Japan to delay no longer. The Red Army's valiant defense of Moscow and Rostov, the British fleet movements toward Singapore, the American occupation of forward positions at Dutch Guiana, the extension of lend-lease aid to the Free French, and the Moscow Conference convinced Japan that she might lose the initiative if she delayed any longer. And the initiative, the ability to strike first and determine the initial condition of battle, is one of the deadliest resources the fascists have exploited for a decade.

Since an attack to the south might mean war anyway, and since waiting meant a substantial strengthening of the enemy, Japan chose to attack now. The hope of gaining superior positions in the south Pacific, the desire to cripple the bases from which our fleet would steam westward, to exploit America's incomplete mobilization, impelled Japan to strike at her strongest opponent simultaneously with her attack on Malaya, Singapore, Borneo, and Java.

IT MUST BE ADMITTED that Japan derives a definite, although we think a temporary, advantage from this initiative. It is the same advantage which Hitler derived in his similarly treacherous, unprovoked attack on the USSR. It is too early to estimate the success Japan has already had, but it would not be surprising that with Thailand as another Denmark, the Japanese will make progress against Malaya, Singapore, and the Dutch East Indies. Already the chain of American bases—Guam, Wake Island, and Midway, which link Manila to Honolulu—are under fire and may delay the arrival of our fleet to Australian and British bases. At Davao in the southern Philippines the Japanese may also make use of their large colony, many inhabitants of which are undoubtedly fifth columnists. And while concrete details of damage to our ships and bases are naturally beyond our province, it is best to accept the advice of the retired Rear Admiral Yates Stirling, who predicts reverses at the start of a war over such vast distances as the Pacific.

BUT IT IS IMPOSSIBLE to consider our military and naval problems in the Pacific without remembering that this is only one front of the war; and no matter how long hostilities between the United States and Germany are delayed, the war itself is a war against the whole Axis, of which Germany is the heart and center. Therefore, whatever our immediate reverses in the Pacific may be, it is important to remember that we will not lose this war in the Pacific provided that it is won in the Atlantic and in Europe; whereas, if we and our allies lost it in Europe and on the Atlantic, success in the Pacific would not matter anyway.

So that, after adding up all the reasons for Japan's attack on us, the basic reason remains this: that Japan is acting in concert with Germany, pursuing the grand strategy of the fascist powers. Hitler is in effect trying to make us dissipate our forces in the Pacific, trying to impede our lend-lease program, and break our communications with those nations, Britain, the Soviet Union, China, the Dutch empire, and all the others whom we are pledged to assist in our common struggle.

Hitler may therefore be expected to take advantage of Japan's action to renew his battle for the Atlantic. He may be expected, by way of an agreement with Vichy, to throw up barriers against the British campaign in Libya and in the western Mediterranean. He may be expected to come down the west coast of Africa toward Dakar and thus threaten South America. He may renew his thrusts against the Caucasus; or failing that, turn upon Turkey and try to break into the oil-bearing regions of Iraq and Iran. All of which makes clearer that we are going to be menaced in the Atlantic and in Africa very soon; this in itself emphasizes the need for a world strategy.

AMONG THE FIRST STEPS in American strategy must be a military alliance with China. China's long, lone fight, with its indescribable suffering for millions of men, women, and children has now been vindicated and merges with the larger fight of all free peoples. Last September a Chungking spokesman announced that an army of 2,000,000 stood ready on the Yunnan border, just north of Indo-China, ready to attack the Japanese concentrations. That army could be of decisive value for the British Malayan, Burmese, Australian, and New Zealand troops now fighting to protect Singapore and Burma. Chinese armies have recently shown at Ichang and Changsha that they are capable of offensive actions of considerable magnitude. Those armies ought to be welcomed and everything possible done to speed their participation in the struggle.

China has now declared war on the Axis, having broken relations with Italy and Germany when they recognized Wang Ching-wei's puppet regime last June. Yet it must always be remembered that German agents have had the ear of certain high personages in Chungking, and Nazi influence is by no means automatically eradicated by the declaration of war. All the more reason then for a full British and American military alliance with China, including the coordination of staffs and concrete plans for maintaining the supply route through Burma and expanding supplies from India and elsewhere.

LATIN AMERICA, and the hemisphere as a whole, becomes of transcendant importance in this struggle. The security of all the South American peoples, as well as the people of Canada, is now involved. The strategic reasons are obvious: the Panama Canal is now a precious lifeline for the passage of American ships to the Pacific. It is now clear that the change of government in Panama last month, the removal of the pro-fascist Arulfo Arias, came just in time. Canada's help in the Pacific is important, for control of the north Pacific waters at least; a country like Ecuador, whose Galapagos Islands flank the Panama Canal in the Pacific, has a similar importance.

Cuba, Mexico, and Chile are rallying quickly to our side, and these are valuable friends for their general influence and the economic contributions they can make. But there are also nations like Argentina and Brazil, and to a lesser extent Colombia, where pro-Axis forces are definitely entrenched in very high places. It is characteristic that until the last moment the acting president of Argentina, Ramon Castillo, was banning the mass meetings of citizens in favor of the democratic cause; Castillo himself was insisting on strict neutrality, which in today's conditions represents direct help for the Axis. Much remains to be done to encourage the popular, pro-democratic forces in these countries so as to guarantee that the support from Brazil and Argentina will not be merely lip service. And it is worth remembering that there are substantial German, Italian, and Japanese fifth columns in South America, not to mention the activities of the Spanish Falange, which can offer dangerous sabotage.

From the economic aspect, Latin America's cooperation is even more vital. In the not unimaginable possibility that our rubber and tin supplies may be temporarily cut off from the Dutch East Indies, the resources of the hemisphere become decisive. Bolivia, for example, is a major tin producer whose production can be expanded. Chile has copper, which will be needed desperately. Brazil once led the world in rubber supplies, and could do so again. Mexico and Peru have lead and zinc; an agreement with Argentina last week gave us access to her tungtsen. Cuba has manganese. To some of these countries our government has wisely extended lend-lease aid, but much more must be done.

A market for the agricultural surpluses of these nations must be assured in the United

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JAPAN'S ATTACK *is part of the Axis strategy. Hitler, in the center; Count Ciano of Italy on the right; and Saburo Kurusu, after signing the tri-partite alliance, September 1940.*

States; capital must be forthcoming for large scale expansion, and a special priorities policy must enable these countries to satisfy their needs in semi-manufactured goods and machine tools. As the resolutions of the Latin American Trade Union Federation, two weeks ago in Mexico City, demonstrated, the people will stand with us and support us. By a scrupulous respect for their sovereignty, America will not only advance the Good Neighbor policy but secure the real assistance of the peoples of the hemisphere in a struggle which is theirs also.

BUT THE CORNERSTONE for the development of our whole foreign policy, besides the measures that must be taken in China and in Latin America, is a comprehensive military alliance among ourselves, Britain, China, and the Soviet Union. Of particular importance will be the proper development of our relations with the Soviet Union. As of this writing, there was hardly any news for an authoritative discussion of Russia's role in the Pacific crisis. Since there will be a temptation for rash chatter by some commentators, it seems important to us to emphasize what *we* must do to gain a comprehensive military alliance with Soviet Russia, rather than speculate upon next steps of Soviet policy.

In order to realize our obligation as Americans for a full military agreement with our Russian friends, it is worth remembering that by the great fight of her armies and her whole population, Soviet Russia has already struck the heaviest blows the Axis has thus far sustained. Here blows against the main component of the Axis, which is Germany, have greatly weakened all the vassal states of the Axis, Japan included. The USSR has already done a heavy share of the job of defeating not only her enemy, but America's, and one can be certain that she will continue to do that job in the spirit of the Moscow Conference. Our security, as well as Britain's, still rests on Russia's resistance to Hitler, just as Russia's resistance depends on our continued assistance.

If we remember always that we cannot pose the Pacific front, as against the Atlantic front, but must insist always on the *unity* of the war, then it is clear that help for Britain and Russia must continue. And now that we are directly under attack on one front, we have all the more reason to appreciate the value of the Atlantic and European battle. The best way of doing that would be to develop the most intimate collaboration among all the powers fighting the Axis.

How shall this collaboration be strengthened both in the Atlantic and in the Pacific? That is the only way to pose the question of the Soviet Union's role in our battle. *Obviously, by the United States taking the initiative in proposing a full military and naval alliance among all the great powers in order that not only Japan, but the Axis as such, will become the target of the democratic counteroffensive.* This requires that we recognize in Japan's attack the attack upon us by Hitler; and therefore, that we declare war against Hitler and his vassal states in Europe. It requires, secondly, that while our Pacific naval forces do their job, we make preparations for a full-scale Atlantic offensive against Hitler, a landing at French Africa, and direct assistance to the British for the opening of a second front on the continent. For if Hitler is trying to divert us from Europe, there is all the more reason then not to be diverted.

To do these things effectively requires a common strategical plan of world dimensions; once such a plan is developed, Hitler will have lost the value of his Pacific diversion; the appeasers will not be able to pose the Pacific front as against the Atlantic; the Axis will not be able to play upon the shortcomings of the democratic coalition. Then it will really be possible for each power of the coalition to throw its weight where most needed, and most effective. It is therefore not a matter of getting Russia to fight for us, just as it is not a matter of our fighting for Russia; *it is a matter of a common strategic plan of action among all the anti-fascist powers.* This will make the war less onerous for each component of our coalition; and it will bring victory sooner in the Atlantic, Europe, and in the Pacific.

THUS ALL HUMANITY passes to a critical phase; the war opens into a new stage, involving all the major powers and throwing the basic question of our national existence into the melting pot for resolution by force of arms. Seen in terms of initiative and strategic position, our enemies are formidable and must not be underestimated. But the associated democratic powers have the manpower, the naval power, the economic resources, and above all, the understanding and consciousness of their peoples which, if properly mobilized, will prove decisive.

The democratic powers have leaders in Chiang Kai-shek, in Churchill, in Stalin, and in our President—leaders whose authority is higher today than ever, and who command universal devotion.

The job of Americans is to place all considerations aside except one: speedy and decisive victory. All forces in public life must be judged by the degree to which they achieve this concentration on the main issue. The aim of our military and naval policy is victory; but our political aim can only be to give ourselves security from such treachery and barbarism which is now rampant, to liberate the oppressed peoples of Europe and Asia, not excepting the peoples of Germany, Italy and Japan as well.

There will be grievous losses, but a united people can sustain them. And there will be victory, too, for all people to share.

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LONDON'S ESTIMATE

Claude Cockburn describes British reaction to the new turn. Britain considers its next tasks. What the Axis hopes for.

London (by cable). December 8.

YOU have urgent business on hand. The great new sense of solidarity, the surge of good will for you here, the keen and anxious sympathy with America at this fierce and terrible moment . . . don't underestimate or forget its reality, sincerity, and importance.

I will skip the editorials in our newspapers. You will have seen them. Apart from all that, summing up informed and not so informed British reactions to the gigantic new development in the war, we got this picture. When the bombs came down at Pearl Harbor, several million Britons stared at their radios and said, "The Japanese must have gone crazy." That was a first instinctive reaction, simply measuring the conscious or subconscious feeling of the British man in the street about the strength and resources of the United States. Reaction number two: it's dangerous ever to think these Axis villains have simply gone crazy. We used to feel that way about some of Hitler's adventures. We learned better, bitterly. So the millions sat down to try to figure out just what the Axis is betting on and why, and what is to be done about it.

YOU HAVE TO START with Moscow and Rostov. It is a commonplace which nobody any longer doubts that the German timetable in Russia was shot to pieces, first by the Red Army and, second, by the millions of nameless heroes who made possible the vast eastward trek of Soviet industry to restart production in safe areas on a scale no outside expert thought possible. That Moscow and the road to the Caucasus are still in the greatest danger and that the most menacing of Nazi attacks is probably starting in the Don Basin do not alter the fact that the timetable has been wrecked. Nor yet the fact that the German losses in Russia—more dead than in the whole four and a half years of the last war—have produced a genuine manpower crisis in Germany; the crisis of military manpower and of industrial manpower.

Then go back a bit and recall that a German "peace offensive" was planned to coincide with a hoped for "bogdown" in Russia, and that there was real expectation in Berlin of a success for defeatist anti-Soviet forces in London and Washington. The peace offensive flopped. The Moscow Conference, the repeal of the Neutrality Act, and the Libyan offensive put the lid on those particular Nazi hopes. The people who said defeatists and do-nothings in Britain were really advancing were wrong, and the people who said that slowly and painfully, but still surely, the forces of health and action were pushing forward were right. In other words Britain and Tokyo were faced with final proof of two things which had not previously been proved to them and which as the Hess visit and the October

THE MEN OF MOSCOW

Moscow (by cable). December 5.

THESE last five days I spent at the Mozhaisk and Volokolamsk fronts where the Soviet Union is being defended from a direct thrust toward its heart—Moscow. We traveled along the highway which begins in the city proper and forms one of the new Moscow's finest avenues. It is the embodiment of what Lenin visualized. Gone are Moscow's squalid suburb slums which in bygone years housed a multitude of the city poor. This avenue contains new houses, fine stately buildings of choicest material, many of them ornamented in delicately hued marble and exquisitely cut stone. Only last spring caravans of cars toting holiday makers sped down Mozhaisk Road. Now it is intersected with barricades and tank traps.

Our dark car swept over the hill. It was famous Poklonnaya Gora (Mount of Salvation), so outstanding a spot in Russia's history. It was from this hill that Napoleon cast his first gaze on Moscow in 1812, and here sitting on a drum he waited for Moscow's mayor to surrender the keys to the city. He waited in vain, for Russians never surrender the keys to their cities. We traveled for some one and a half hours, overtaking long columns of army lorries, and as we neared our destination we saw fewer and fewer civilians and more and more soldiers. We were at the front.

The Western Front of August and September which I remembered, no longer existed. Not because it was wiped out, as the German High Command asserts with customary braggadocio. No.

The last time I visited the front, autumn was just setting in. Now we were in the midst of a bitter, stinging winter. The trees were ice-covered and their crystals played in the sun like silver. The earth was frozen solid as wood; the weather was ideal for large-scale tank operation. The Germans took advantage of the weather to launch a new and decisive offensive on Moscow. Need I say that here, at the front, I encountered not one single man who thought that Moscow might fall?

Our men are well armed, they have tanks—many less than the Germans, it's true—splendid artillery, machine guns, automatics, mortars. And they are determined to fight tooth and nail. For behind them is Moscow, a city cherished by every Soviet man and woman. Informed opinion here holds that the Germans are convinced that a frontal attack on Moscow along the roads which merge at the city is extremely difficult, and would involve terrific losses. Judging from the present battles, the German High Command is making a new and apparently decisive attempt to outflank Moscow. Fighting is very heavy, but everywhere, from the front line to headquarters, our people are confident. The Russian is quick-tempered by nature, but this subsides just as quickly and quite some time is required before he becomes genuinely angered. Now he is angry—fighting mad. Hatred for the invader has made every Red Army man as firm as the frozen earth he treads. And this hatred imbues people with confidence. Yesterday one tank unit went through its first battle. Going into action for the first time was no joke, but these lads proved real heroes. Because behind them is Moscow.

We sat in a log farmhouse abandoned only yesterday by its inhabitants. I couldn't make myself believe that only yesterday a quiet, humdrum life went on here. But it wasn't quiet today with telephones ringing incessantly while uniformed men pored over a huge map. Many other houses in the village are shattered and traces of exploded mines gape black on snow-covered streets. A young lieutenant, well built, with typical Russian face, dashed into the room. "Dispatch from the front," he shouted without even attempting to conceal the excitement. "What's up now?" asked the commander calmly. "Germans broke through the village B," came the reply. The commander glanced at his map. He was taking his time, it seemed, but the young lieutenant was growing more and more impatient. "Get Tank Company Three off to B," he ordered, turning to the lieutenant. The lieutenant saluted, and smiling at all of us, disappeared in a flash. "This is his first battle assignment but he is a real fighter, I can see that," the commander told us. Yes, tankmen were eager to engage the enemy because behind them was Moscow. It was already dark when news came that village B was recaptured and that the Germans were hurled back to their original positions.

EUGENE PETROV.

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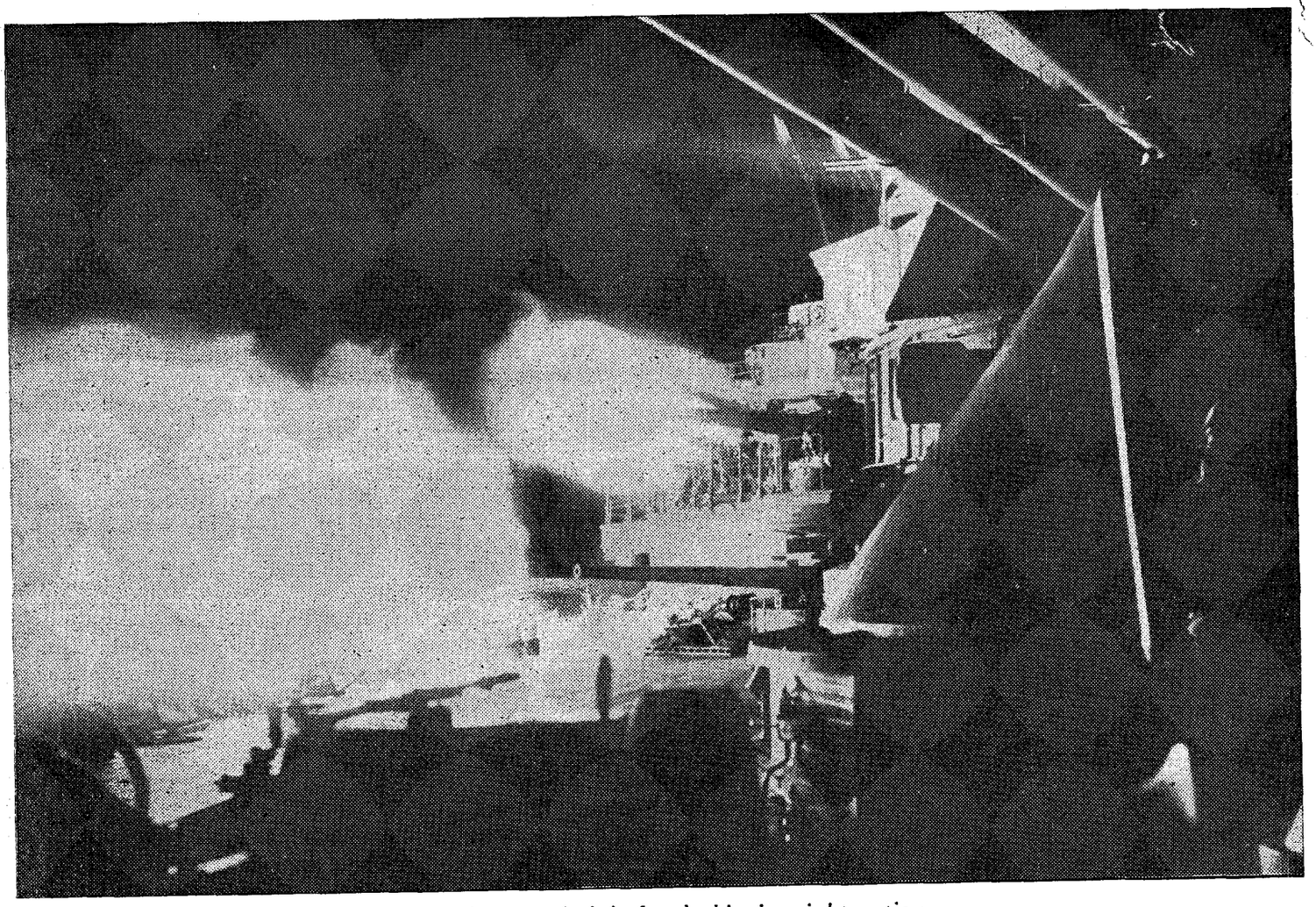

Guns of an anti-Axis battleship in night action.

Hitler speech show, were by no means reckoned as certainties in the Axis capitals. Proof, first, that whatever happened, the Red Army was not going to crack up; proof, second, that whatever happened, the anti-fascist powers were not going to retreat or go to sleep.

It used to be freely suggested that the Japanese would "not move till they saw how things were going in Russia"—meaning until they saw a certainty of German success in Russia. I think it at least probable that the contrary was the case. They would only move if things were going very badly for the Germans in Russia. Because if and when that began to happen, and if and when possibility of a "bogdown" in Russia and the peace offensive in the West faded, then Berlin and Tokyo alike would have to face a new situation of which the essence is that *for the first time things were reaching a point where the Axis was in danger of losing the initiative.*

If things had gone better for Germany on the Russian front, then both Germany and Japan, each in their own sector, could have afforded to wait. Hitler could have swung back 1,000,000 men or more from the army into industry. He could have established a still greater production lead, attacked Britain and America in the West, while Japan could have taken that much more favorable opportunity to attack Britain and the United States in the Far East and Southern Pacific. The failure of those calculations was decided on the line Leningrad, Moscow, Rostov—decided not by Germany or Japan, but by the Red Army.

Naturally it is not supposed here that the Japanese suddenly decided on their attack during the last few weeks. Clearly it was always reckoned impossible in Tokyo that things would go the way they have and the preparations for the attack, in the event it should become "necessary," had been made long in advance. The "crossroads" of which the Japanese statement talked so often have passed. The fact that this road certainly was not the "optimum" road of the Germans or the Japanese should not, of course, give rise to wishful thinking. It is true that Tokyo would have had to make a "forced move"—forced by the German failure in Russia. Nevertheless, it is recognized here as a move of extremely dangerous potentiality.

FROM the most immediate naval possibilities in the Pacific, it is obvious that: (1) Berlin and Tokyo are counting on reaping advantages immediately by opening "war on two fronts" (2) By doing so they reckon to strain American naval and industrial power to the utmost—seizing a moment before industrial war output has got seriously into its stride. (3) They hope thereby to confuse the decision of the Moscow Conference and thus immediately to weaken the most vital and essential front on which the fate of all depends, the Russian front. (4) They hope equally to gain a huge advantage in the battle of the Atlantic. (5) Apart from interfering with the distribution of the products of American industry, they hope to strike at its basic supply lines by at least temporarily interrupting supplies of rubber and tin.

These are grave possibilities which nobody here underestimates. As far as the British end of the front is concerned, two things stand out. We must intensify production and increase efficiency. Equally we must intensify our attempts to find means of effective offensive action in Europe so as to confront the Axis in its turn with a two-front war on land. Above all, it is clear that in order to confound the plans —military and economic— of Berlin and Tokyo, it is essential that there should be maintained and developed the closest possible cooperation between the powers of the recent Moscow Conference. The spirit of all the peoples, demonstrated in the battle of Britain, the production drive in the British factories, the indescribable heroism and skil of the Red Army, and now the resistance o the American people to Japanese aggression— are the guarantees that we shall together in the words of the old Christian prayer "abat their pride, assuage their malice, and con found their devices." CLAUDE COCKBURN.

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HOW STRONG IS JAPAN?

Frederick V. Field assays the strength and weaknesses of the enemy. The status of the Japanese war economy. What resources can Hitler's Far Eastern partner draw on?

How formidable is the Japanese empire, the enemy the American people are pledged to crush? How tough is the war going to be? Will it take six months or five years? Is Japan a pushover or a substantial adversary?

First of all, let no one deceive himself, and thereby deceive his country, that Japan's defeat is going to be easy. We have been attacked not only by an extensive empire of nearly 100,000,000 people, but one strongly controlled by a bureaucracy which for ten years has been straining every nerve in preparation for the deceitful attack launched on Sunday, December 7.

Japan's navy, the third largest in the world, is a formidable opponent for the Allied powers. It can operate exclusively in the Pacific Ocean while Britain and the United States must keep powerful units concentrated in the Mediterranean and scattered throughout the Atlantic. Nevertheless, it is true that Japan's total tonnage is much less than the combined fleets which are likely to be available to the Allies in the Pacific; the number of Japan's units may be fewer and their fire-power considerably less.

To discuss in detail comparative statistics on the American and allied fleets might afford information to the enemy, and in any case there is little possibility of representing a relationship that will be changing all the time. Highest estimates give Japan a total strength of some 274 ships with a tonnage of some 1,131,000 tons; the Allied forces must be well over that.

In battleships, the United States is definitely superior, our guns per battleship are larger and definitely more numerous.

Our aircraft carriers may be slightly fewer, but their capacity is greater. All the Japanese carriers are believed to carry no more than 350 planes altogether.

Our heavy cruisers carry more and better guns, although Japan's superior fleet of light cruisers is generally conceded to be faster and more maneuverable with the probable exception of the latest American types.

Against Japan's 130 destroyers, plus a score or more of torpedo boats, the United States and its allied powers can do better.

So also, in submarines, Japan has some seventy-five, of which two-thirds can accompany its fleet to sea. In this category, the United States plus Britain and the Dutch East Indies can well match Japanese strength.

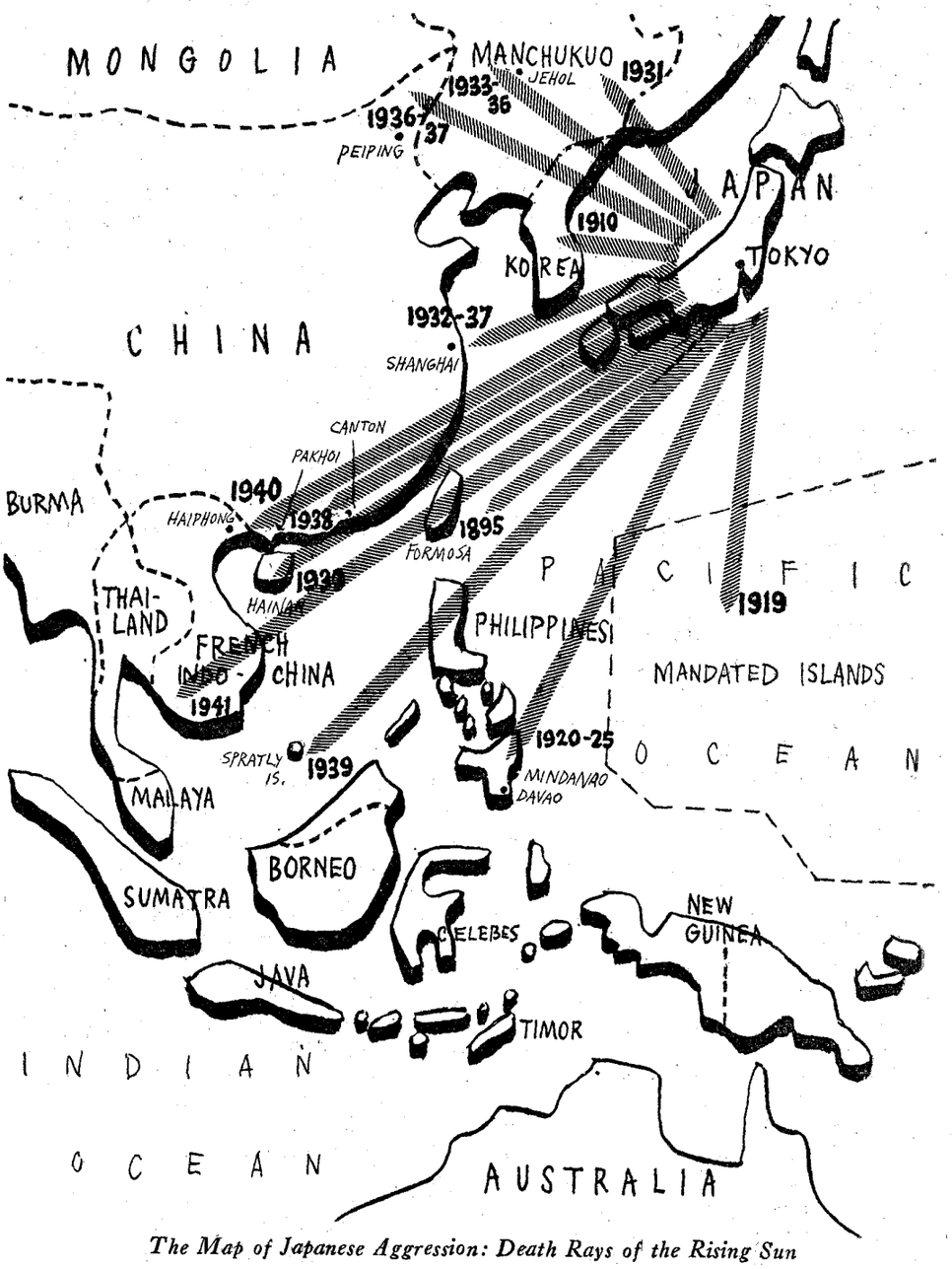
Japan is reported to have thirty-eight ships under construction, which reputedly include seven of the 40,000 ton type. But our newest battleships exceed this tonnage. Our construction program calls for more ships than the entire Japanese navy now has.

In addition to inferior fire-power, Japanese ships almost invariably have thinner armor. A sixteen-inch shell, for example, can penetrate the 33,000 ton *Nagato*, of Japan's navy. The *Nagato* has a cruising range of 3,000 miles and a battle range of 1,500; our ships can do much better. In general, the Japanese fleet moves more quickly than ours, but is not built for sustained action at home, while ours is designed primarily for long distance pulls.

It is true, however, that while we must get to Manila and Singapore for the best bases, five to eight thousand miles from Pearl Harbor, Japan's naval base at Camranh in Indo-China definitely increases her ability to do real damage in the south Pacific between Manila and Singapore, and around the Dutch East Indies.

JAPAN'S AIR FORCE has been universally sized up as inferior to ours in most every respect. According to the *Wall Street Journal's* estimate, Japan's rate of output is only 250 a month. Ours may be as much as ten times that amount.

But while our production is constantly increasing, Japan's production may be declining



The Map of Japanese Aggression: Death Rays of the Rising Sun

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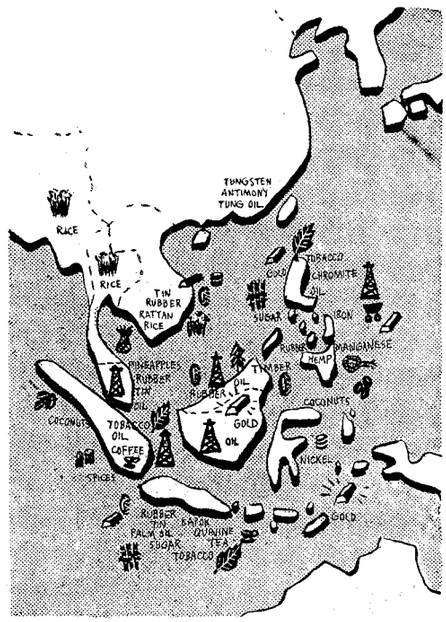
along with the general stagnation and decline in her industrial production. Not only are fifty percent of Japan's models obsolete, but American air experts generally believe that their newest designs are several years older than our latest models, with consequent inferiority in speed, range, maneuverability, fire, and hitting power. Trained pilots do not total much more than planes, and although the Japanese have greatly improved their bombing accuracy since the early days of the Chinese war, they have virtually no experience in actual combat, owing to China's shortage of planes. Though such estimates may prove below the actual truth, yet all available evidence indicates that Japan cannot hold superiority in the air over the combined, American, Dutch and British resistance. Japan cannot possibly keep pace in new production.

THE STRENGTH of the Japanese army has always been shrouded in even deeper secrecy than the navy and air force, and the most reliable estimates only come up to August 1939. Last July a Shanghai source reported that Japan had mobilized 1,000,000 men—the largest mobilization since the start of the China war. This figure would include some veterans of the China war and some who had been exempted from military service for physical reasons. In August 1939, at any rate, the total number of officers and men was approximately 1,500,000. Although the trained reserve forces may amount to 9,000,000, it is extremely doubtful that the army is well enough equipped to put one-third of this number into action at once. Two million would be more likely.

It is important to realize that the Japanese army is spread over many separate regions, with units in Manchukuo, Korea, North China, Central China, and South China, Japan itself, Formosa, and, since last summer, Indo-China. An attempted invasion of the Dutch East Indies would be undertaken by troops now stationed in Southern China and in Indo-China.

These military forces at the disposal of the Japanese empire have, through a treacherous, deceitful surprise attack, gained an initial advantage. It may take many weeks for the initiative to pass to the United States and her allies in the battle for freedom. Assuming, and we have absolute faith in the validity of the assumption, that the Japanese are not able to strike decisive blows in the early phases of the war, much will depend upon the staying power of the opposing forces and this, in turn, depends upon the strength of the industrial economy behind the respective combatants.

How strong is Japanese economy? Can it now produce in sufficient quantity and with a degree of quality needed to fight a long-term, major war? How long can war production be maintained? These are questions to which the answers cannot be precise. We can point to a serious deterioration in the physical welfare of the Japanese worker and



What Japan Is After

to a consequent lowering of his productivity. But we can point to this only as a trend, not as a concrete determinant of when Japanese production will thereby suffer a breakdown. Similarly, figures indicate a serious iron ore shortage and suggest a continued trend of deterioration in the metals industries; they do not indicate the precise or even the approximate moment at which this factor will prove decisive.

No American, in other words, can afford the luxury of waiting for or counting upon the collapse of the Japanese war effort through the breakdown of the economy behind it. That is a costly error which has been made since 1931, when it was widely predicted that Japan could not afford to carry out its plans of Asiatic conquest. That is a well-nigh fatal error the democracies made with respect to Nazi Germany's chances of staging an economic comeback.

THE BACKGROUND for modern Japanese industry was laid in the latter part of the nineteenth century, during the period known as the Meiji Restoration, when the alliance between the state and the financial oligarchy was cemented. The early industrial development of Japan was characterized by two factors which molded the present period and accounted for the somewhat exceptional form in which fascism has developed in the last decade. One of these factors was the leading part taken by the state in the fostering of industry, particularly in those branches related to war; the second factor was the extreme concentration of capital and economic power in a small financial oligarchy which financed the state in its program and to which the state later turned over a large share of its industrial enterprises at ridiculously low prices.

These two related groups, the state and the oligarchy, each in fact simply an aspect of the other, have controlled Japan's economy ever since. Today, the state owns and operates the railways, postal, telegraph, and telephone services; arsenals, dockyards, gunpowder, and clothing factories owned by the army and navy; exercises monopolies over tobacco, camphor, and salt; controls a large number of recently organized semi-official companies to promote production in strategic industries, to develop communications and raw material resources in China, and to monopolize the generation and transmission of electricity and the sale of coal.

The state's partner, the fascist oligarchy, is led by "the big four": Mitsui, Mitsubishi, Sumitomo, and Yasuda, each operating simultaneously in finance, commerce, and industry. Take a quick look at the position these four companies alone held in relation to the whole of Japanese economy in 1937. Their banks possessed more than one-third of the total deposits in non-government banks and their trust companies held some seventy percent of all trust deposits. Their trading companies handled one-third of Japan's total foreign trade. They were heavily invested in shipping, shipbuilding, warehousing, colonial enterprises, engineering, mining, textiles, metal manufacture, sugar refining, and flour milling. A large part of the entire chemical industry was under their control.

THE BASIC WEAKNESS in Japan's wartime economy lies in the scarcity of industrial raw materials. That, coupled with the fact that the nations that have already declared war against Japan were, in normal times, the principal suppliers of those deficit materials, indicates that the only way for Japan to overcome this weakness during the war is by winning great overseas victories. Even in that unlikely event the hostility of native populations, the long trade routes to be guarded, and the damage that would have been done to the sources of supply before evacuation argue against Japan's achieving much success in this respect.

The seriousness of Japan's raw material position can be indicated by a few figures. In 1937 Japan produced only nineteen percent of the iron ore it consumed, seventy-seven percent of the pig iron, only nine percent of the crude oil and forty-four percent of petroleum products, and only sixty-two percent of the copper. In coal, despite comparatively meager reserves, they were able to produce over ninety-five percent of their requirements.

Where has Japan gone to make up these deficits? In the case of the steel industry, two of the three basic requirements for which are iron ore and pig iron, here is the picture. In 1936, the year before the outbreak of major hostilities against China, Japan obtained forty-five percent of its iron ore imports from British Malaya and another thirty-three percent from China. All of those Chinese sources later fell into Japanese hands, but, under such circumstances that in 1938 from those same mines Japan was able to obtain less than one-seventh the amount of ore. Japan replaced this loss by turning to the Philippine

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Islands, a source which we may be confident will never fall intact into Japanese hands.

In 1936 thirty-nine percent of Japan's pig iron imports came from India, another thirty-three percent from the Soviet Union and twenty-eight percent from Manchuria. Two years later imports from the Soviet Union had already reached zero, the figure which they have today reached for India. Manchurian sources have also dwindled because of a contradiction that soon developed in the exploitation of that Japanese conquest and which prevails for all the formerly publicized raw supplies of the puppet state. It turned out that the effort to develop industries in Manchuria parallel with those in Japan proper and designed to furnish supplies for the growing empire not only drained Japan of capital but also used up more than the industrial materials the colony could furnish. Manchuria, rather than solving Japan's industrial problems, became another Japan, another mouth gaping for raw materials it didn't have.

One of the most critical Japanese raw material deficits has always been in petroleum. In 1939, for instance, of Japan's estimated petroleum demand of 40.4 million barrels, only 2.7 million barrels were produced within Japan. In 1937, for which Japanese trade figures are available, sixty percent of its petroleum imports came from the United States (a proportion later increased), and another twelve percent from the Dutch East Indies, and six percent from British Borneo. Manchuria provided a mere one percent. Estimates of Japan's oil reserves put in storage in preparation for the war vary; the consensus of informed opinion is that the supplies on hand will last for a year and a half.

Despite this basic raw material weakness, Japanese economy registered certain substantial advances in the 1931-41 decade. During the first half of that period there was a conspicuous expansion of Japan's total industrial output, marked by a greater diversification of industry as a result of the growth of the metal, machinery, and chemical industries. By 1936 Japan could produce a large part of the finished steel products needed for domestic use and had even developed an export trade in certain types of machinery.

From 1937 on this trend was accentuated, especially by the controls placed on peace industries in favor of war industries. These years were also marked by increased inflation accompanied by a sharp rise in the cost of living; the tremendous extension of government control and regulation to almost every aspect of the economy accompanied in turn by a continuous struggle between big business and the militarist-bureaucrats for control of the "new economic structure."

Industrial production in 1939 was 13.5 percent greater by volume than in 1937, an increase made up, however, of a 41.8 percent increase in the volume of producers' goods and a 15.1 percent decrease in the volume of consumers' goods.

Indications of serious industrial stagnation became apparent during 1940. Actually production in all branches of industry with the exception of metals and machinery was, by the end of the third year of war, below prewar levels. Even in these vital war industries the output in August 1940 was below that of August 1939.

WHAT THE WARLORDS TEACH: *Japanese use live Chinese prisoners for bayonet practice.*

Why? What had happened? A serious power shortage developed toward the end of 1939; imports of scrap iron from the United States and of iron ore and pig iron from Malaya and India dropped sharply; labor productivity declined sharply. The latter is explained by a shortage of manpower, by the deterioration of machinery because of inability to supply parts or make repairs, and finally a serious decline in physical welfare resulting from the high cost of living and scarcity of consumer goods. This downward trend in industrial production is bound to continue while Japan fights the United States.

In addition, Manchuria, that much talked of "life line," had turned out to be a white elephant. It had become a market, not a source of supply. The national debt at the end of 1940 was nearly 30,000,000,000 yen, equal to the total national income. The note issue during the year increased by more than 1,000,000,000 yen and the rate of government bond absorption fell alarmingly. The United States Department of Commerce, in the absence of Japanese figures, estimated that Japan's merchandise trade deficit in 1940 amounted to $202,400,000, as compared with $93,150,000 in 1939.

But certainly there is one more factor which must be taken into consideration, and that is the character and state of mind among the Japanese people themselves. Here we have to balance a fanaticism and emperor worship, a sense of national mission and extreme pride, the *bushido,* which works as the same kind of opiate that Hitler has instilled into large sections of the German youth. Unquestionably this has enabled the rulers of Japan to force their people through all the sacrifices of the past ten years, coupled, of course, with the comprehensive system of police espionage and terror, which has been responsible for smashing the Japanese workingmen's and peasant organizations more than once. On the other hand, the prolonged agricultural crisis, and the war-weariness have had a real effect on the soldier and officer personnel, who know that their families are suffering, their sisters are being degraded, and only the urns shipped back from the mainland are the people's compensation for all these campaigns. This discontent among the rank and file has been cleverly deflected by the secret societies among the officers into reactionary channels, but the discontent is there. The realization that Japan faces a mortal risk may temporarily cause elation and renewed self-sacrifice, but sharp defeat would cause despair and serious difficulties for the regime at home. There *is* a tradition of peasant organization and there were a Japanese trade union movement and strong Communist influences, especially in the cultural field. We cannot count on this automatically, but given heavy blows from an aroused America, upheavals in the supercharged Japanese atmosphere will play their part in the Mikado's defeat.

FREDERICK V. FIELD.

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THE DAY WAR CAME

What happened in Washington Dec. 7, 1941. Bruce Minton describes the events in the capital that fateful day.

Washington, D. C.

"YESTERDAY, Dec. 7, 1941—a date which will live in infamy." Franklin D. Roosevelt, President of the United States, stood before the joint session of Congress, gripping the stand on which the microphones rested, angry and terribly calm. In front of him sat the Cabinet, the members of the Supreme Court, high officials of the government, the Army, and the Navy. The galleries were packed: admission by card only. Outside on the capital lawn huge crowds had waited from early in the morning to cheer the President as he drove up from the White House.

He spoke only a few words—not more than Lincoln spoke at Gettysburg. But these words were unequivocal, harsh in their unadorned simplicity. Solemnly, this morning, our great nation undertook to resist aggression, and to formalize the state of war that had been thrust upon it. "Always," said the President, "will we remember the character of the onslaught against us."

The President came to the rostrum on the arm of his oldest son. The House stood and cheered. During the President's ringing remarks the members sat quietly, interrupting to applaud only when he declared, "We will gain the inevitable triumph." The ceremony lasted not more than ten minutes. And then the President was gone, and the robed justices filed out, the Cabinet members left the chamber, the senators hurried back across the Capitol.

The House considered the motion, speeches were brief—and there were few of them.

The motion was called. Each congressman answered his name with an "aye"—except the lone pacifist, Jeanette Rankin of Montana. The House approved the motion 338—1. And as the last vote was registered an usher came from the Senate to announce the concurrence of the upper body, 82—0.

The United States was at war. The inevitable had happened.

IN WASHINGTON the news of the attack against American territory was greeted with tense indignation and anger. As the radio brought the terrible announcement of bombs falling on Pearl Harbor, the people came out into the streets. They stood in small groups in front of the Japanese Embassy. As secretaries scurried about the yard to light bales of paper, a few hooted, but for the most part men and women—and many were young boys out for the day with their girls—waited quietly and watched and sometimes joked a little among themselves. The police buzzed about to keep order, but there was no need for police. A man brought "inside" news that upstairs in the Embassy the official Japanese document consumer was busily eating the more important papers—"to be attentively noted, read, and inwardly digested," he added, quoting a phrase used in government offices.

All night the lights burned in the Navy and War department buildings. Some soldiers were stationed in doorways to guard these buildings, and a few police loitered in the dark shadows of the great pile that is the State Department. The White House, across the street, was brilliantly lit. Little knots of reporters gathered on the grass, stamping their feet in the cold night and waiting for a congressman or Cabinet member to come out of the President's office, hoping to pin him down for a statement. Across Pennsylvania Avenue hundreds of people lined the sidewalk, staring at the graceful beauty of the columned White House portico. A sober vigil, a vigil that had been held in London and Moscow and now had finally come to Washington. Automobiles crawled along the crowded, tree-lined avenue, and from every radio came the voice of the announcer from inside the White House Press office, reading the bulletins as they were released a sentence at a time. The Capitol dome was alight. A guard at the House Office Building remembered "this time a little over twenty-four years ago, when I was standing right where I am now, and President Woodrow Wilson told us that day, April 6 (it was 1917), that the country was at war. Tomorrow President Roosevelt will do the same. They just rang up to say I should be on the job at eight in the morning. That means the President is coming."

But how different from 1917. Then, great numbers of Americans declared a war in which they could not believe. Then, demonstrators carrying white floaters marched across the White House Lawn, and throughout the length and breadth of the land were heard the words of doubt and the tears of despair. But Sunday night there was no dissent and no doubt. Sadness there was, but the sadness of a peaceful people who are resolved to resist with all sacrifices and all strength the violence thrust upon them. In this center of our nation there is the certain feeling everywhere that the cities and farms, the little communities, and the great industrial centers are resolute in their determination to see this thing through against a desperate, ignoble enemy.

This war will be no pushover. It is not just a war between the United States and Japan. Everyone down here keeps repeating that fact. It is a war for a way of life: the sheep have been separated from the goats—that's a favorite phrase—and now the Axis is lined up on one side and the rest of the world is lined up on the other. The declaration of war by the Congress is already considered incomplete. "The fountain head of conspiracy is in Berlin," remarked a senator in the lunch room after the session. The United States is at mortal grips with fascism, and declaration or no declaration, the United States is fighting for its very existence against Italy and Germany as well as Japan—against the way of life that is Hitlerism.

This war will be no pushover. There are serious faces everywhere—down at OPM headquarters, in the galleries of the Capitol, in government offices. Until now it has been difficult for some to feel the reality of the struggle, but today the nation is deeply conscious of the need for the greatest effort. We are no longer playing at war. Here, in the nation's capital, the action of Congress is seen as the expression of the unity that has welded the entire nation. Congressmen, heads of departments, the government in all its intricacy and vastness, realize that a huge task lies ahead. Everyone says much the same things: production is not satisfactory. We have procrastinated. We have been inefficient. We must and will change all that. Our policy will be ruthless against those who for whatever reason impede the all-out effort. The Truman committee and the Tolan committee, investigating our war industries, have pointed to the weak places. They have shown that with all this country's productive capacity and skill, we have not yet begun to exert our great strength. From this moment things must change. There can be no tolerance of those who put personal interests and profits above national welfare. Production is the key of this war. We will have production such as the world has never seen before.

America First has received a death blow. Its misguided thousands now comprehend the danger to the nation. They will participate, as all Americans will participate, in the fight against Hitlerism. But though their leaders have been repudiated and their untruths answered, we must be alert to those who prepared the way for the bombing of Oahu and Manila, for the loss of a battleship and the sinking of army transports. No matter where they are, no matter what their title, the appeasers must be eliminated from positions where they can do no harm.

Appeasement as a policy has come to the end of its road. The Japanese attack is the final echo of Munich. The degrading bankruptcy of trying to buy off the aggressor left nations unprepared, supine, hopeless before attack. The United States had its appeasers. We are not surprised or unprepared. But the enemies within, some in high places, left their mark.

Organized labor responded instantly to the crisis. Sunday night over the radio Lee Press-

(Continued on page 16)

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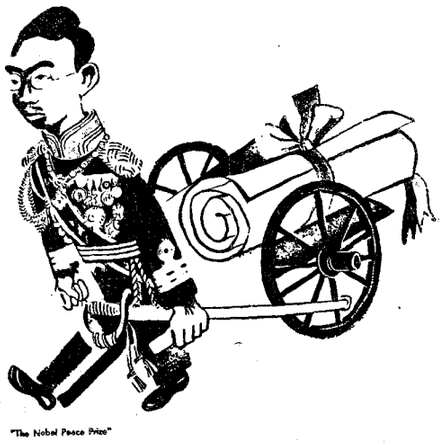
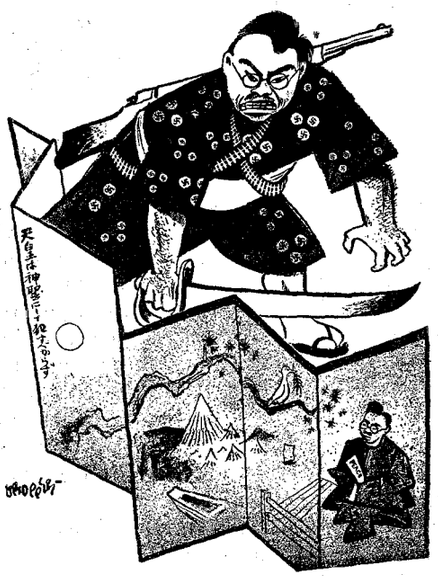


Vanity Fair, 1935

N.M., November 2, 1937



N.M., August 13, 1935

N.M., March 10, 1936

N.M., November 16, 1937

TO THE FINISH

It so happened that I was celebrating my forty-third birthday when the news came over the radio. My friends were drinking a toast to a fellow artist and we changed it to the boys who are out there giving the Mikado hell. I've been fighting the Japanese warlords for years with crayon and brush. Now we're using the sword. Well, that's the way the Mikado wanted it. Now we'll let him have it. I'm in it to the finish, as all of us on the magazine are. Everything to clean up those enemies of mankind. Artist, writer, workingman, businessman, it's our job. Every American's job.

Bill Gropper.

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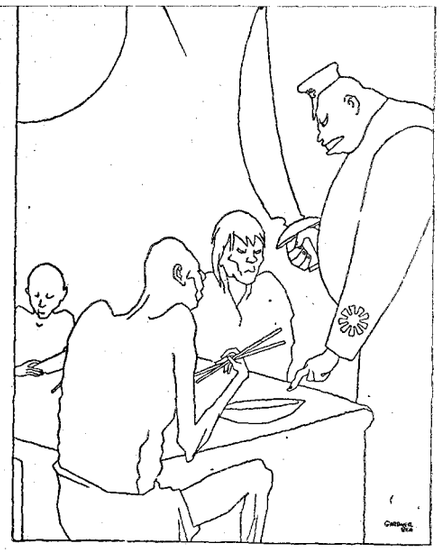
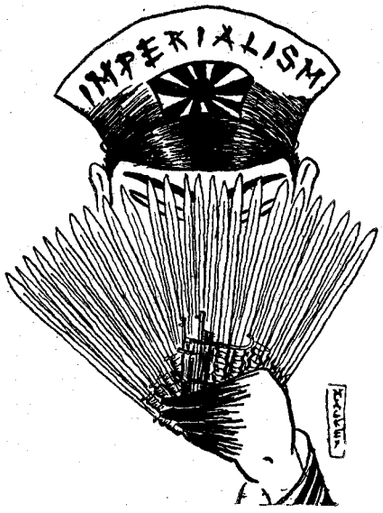


Gardner Rea, 1937

"Do you realize you're taking the food right out of the cannon's mouth?"

Mischa Richter, 1940



Mackey, 1934

Ad Reinhardt, 1938

REMEMBER THESE?

Soriano, 1937

Fred Ellis, 1938

Jack Chen, 1939

man, counsel for the CIO, spoke for President Murray when he pledged the unstinted efforts of the great mass of production unions in prosecuting the war. Joseph A. Padway, attorney for the AFL, spoke no less energetically. On the day that United States territory was bombed, it is highly significant that high AFL and CIO spokesmen talked from the same platform and in the same voice. Rep. Howard Smith, author of the vicious anti-labor bill, sounded unsure of himself and apologetic, when it came his turn.

This is a people's war, and therefore it is labor's war. Unity is more than a word—it is the core of any successful struggle. Howard Smith and his appeaser friends, his labor-baiting, fascist-minded friends, have not helped prepare for this test.

Early on that cold Sunday morning Maxim Litvinov stepped off the transcontinental plane at the Washington airport. His statement to reporters was cheering. The heroic Soviet Army was repulsing the enemy at the gates of Moscow, was sending them hurtling back on the Rostov front and in the Donets Basin. The sham of the anti-Comintern pact is as transparent as appeasement. Anti-Comintern means fascism—and fascism is the enemy of the indivisible people in conquered and unconquered lands alike. The American and the Red Armies, the forces of the British and the Kuomintang, the Free French and the Dutch—they are and must be understood as one in the crusade from which none are excluded.

THIS is what Washington says. Not everyone says all of these things, but everywhere there is this overtone of comprehension. Transition periods need not be long. But still this is a transition moment, and one still hears Red-baiting phrases on the lips of some of those who were appeasers a moment past. There is defeat in the eyes of those who tried to peddle the goldbrick of isolationism, of those who claimed a spurious security for America and who prattled about a world where conflict could swirl in every land and yet would miraculously pass us by. The appeasers have begun to hole in, like frightened insects in the woodwork, out of sight but busily gnawing at the struc[illegible] They must be smoked out because they [illegible]angerous.

Only a few here have [illegible]ioned the man who foresaw the events [illegible] the last twenty-four hours with astonishing clarity. Only a few have spoken his name and have recalled how he repeatedly called for unity against fascism and how he constantly held appeasement and the anti-Comintern sham up to the light of logic. Only a few have asked, "Where is he now?" Earl Browder. "How helpful it would be to have him with us," said Vito Marcantonio. Only a few—it would be wrong to tell you that many thought of him—but when the few remember, the many can be reminded and can learn.

America is at war. No dissident voice is heard in this great capital.

BRUCE MINTON.

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THE SUPREME COURT BREAKS NEW GROUND

What the highest tribunal's ruling on California's "indigent" law means. Justices Douglas' and Jackson's opinions revitalize the constitutional rights of citizenship. How they apply to the Browder case.

ONE DAY in 1939 Fred F. Edwards of Marysville, Cal., drove to Spur, Tex., where his unemployed brother-in-law, Frank Duncan, lived. Since Duncan was unable to get a job, Edwards took him back with him to Marysville.

But soon Fred Edwards discovered he had committed a "crime" by bringing his brother-in-law to Marysville. He was arrested and given a six months' suspended sentence for violating California's Anti-Migrant Law. This law provides that anybody who brings an indigent person into the state is guilty of crime. The verdict was upheld by the Yuba County Superior Court. On Nov. 24, 1941, it was overthrown by the United States Supreme Court, which declared the forty-one-year-old law unconstitutional.

The case of *Edwards vs. California* is historic because it breaks new ground in the court's approach to social problems. Strictly speaking, this issue involved is not new, but it has been neglected for seventy years. The Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution, which gave United States citizenship to the Negro people, enunciated the doctrine that privileges and immunities of such citizenship may never be abridged. But that clause, principally through the failure to achieve the full results of the social revolution accomplished by the Civil War, has become a dead letter.

Three separate opinions were written in support of the unanimous decision declaring the California law unconstitutional and reversing Edwards' conviction. The opinion of the Court was rendered by Justice James Byrnes, giving his first opinion since his recent elevation to the supreme tribunal. One concurring opinion was written by Justice Douglas and joined in by Justices Black and Murphy. Another concurring opinion was written by Justice Jackson.

JUSTICE BYRNES held the California law to be unconstitutional because it violated the interstate commerce clause of the US Constitution (Article I, Sec. 8). The theory of his argument is that since bringing a person from Texas to California constituted interstate commerce, and since no state—only Congress—had the right to regulate interstate commerce, the California law, which punished the bringing into that state of an unemployed person, was beyond the state's power.

Tested by legal precedent, Justice Byrnes' argument is unassailable. The courts have long held that the transportation of persons constitutes interstate commerce, a field in which Congress alone can legislate. Hence, technically, Justice Byrnes cannot be criticized for his legal reasoning. It is simple, it appears to be logical, and it accomplishes a progressive result. But Justice Douglas, in his opinion, implicitly points out the glaring inadequacy of his colleague's opinion. The Douglas opinion likewise holds the Statute unconstitutional, but upon the theory that right to free travel in the United States is inherent in US citizenship, besides being guaranteed by the Constitution in the "privileges and immunities" clause of the Fourteenth Amendment. This is the post-Civil War amendment which gave citizenship to the freed Negroes and contained the following language to safeguard that citizenship: "All persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States and of the state wherein they reside. *No state shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States.*"

Here is a different concept than that contained in Justice Byrnes' opinion. The rights of American citizens as *human beings* are confirmed under the authority of the Constitution which codified those rights. The Constitution, Justice Byrnes is reminded, is not merely an instrument to protect the rights of property against interference; for, in the last analysis, the burden of Justice Byrnes' opinion is the protection of property rights—the unemployed Duncan from Texas being treated exactly, and as fairly, as a cow.

Justice Douglas—and Justices Black and Murphy who concur in his opinion—emphasizes the fact that this country is one nation and that a citizen is a national citizen, not merely a citizen of one of the states. Such national citizenship confers upon him "the right to free movement" anywhere in the country. The justices recognize that this is not a sterile right, but that out of it flows the whole concept of a united nation. Particularly today, when national unity is urgently sought by every genuine patriotic American who wishes to preserve this nation from vassalage to Hitler, Justice Douglas' words go far beyond the borders of the Edwards case.

Justice Jackson, in his opinion, flatly rejects Justice Byrnes' theory (which Justice Douglas does not pass upon one way or another), insisting that "the migrations of a human being . . . do not fit easily into my notions as to what is commerce." His contribution consists in an outspoken criticism of the court for its failure to give meaning to the privileges and immunities clause of the Fourteenth Amendment. We are familiar with the outrageous distortion of the "due process" clause of the Fourteenth Amendment. This, while only rarely used to protect the rights of the people, has been the life-saver of great monopoly. The "privileges and immunities" clause has met a different fate. It has simply been ignored.

Justice Jackson does a great service in revitalizing its pregnant words. He says: "This Court should, however, hold squarely that it is a privilege of citizenship of the United States, protected from state abridgment, to enter any state of the Union, either for temporary sojourn or for the establishment of permanent residence therein and for gaining resultant citizenship thereof. If national citizenship means less than this, it means nothing." And further: "If I doubted whether his federal citizenship alone were enough to open the gates of California to Duncan, my doubt would disappear on consideration of the obligations of such citizenship. Duncan owes a duty to render military service and this Court has said that this duty is the result of his citizenship. . . . Rich or penniless, Duncan's citizenship under the Constitution pledges his strength to the defense of California as a part of the United States, and his right to migrate to any part of the land he must defend is something she must respect under the same instrument. Unless this Court is willing to say that citizenship of the United States means at least this much to the citizen, then our heritage of constitutional privileges and immunities is only a promise to the ear to be broken to the hope, a teasing illusion like a munificent bequest in a pauper's will."

It is not wholly idle to speculate on the reason why Justice Byrnes would not go along with his colleagues. He comes from South Carolina, which state he only recently represented in the United States Senate. This is one of the southern poll-tax states whose political bosses and financial overlords are the main culprits in the nullification of the Fourteenth Amendment.

The opinions of Justices Douglas and Jackson serve notice upon legislators, not only in California, but in the forty-eight states and in Congress, that unemployment is not a crime and that it cannot be solved by quarantining the unemployed.

In conclusion, the language of the Douglas and Jackson opinion has an ironic aptness today when so many people and organizations are seeking the freedom of Earl Browder. The argument pressed by his counsel in the appeal to the US Supreme Court was in essence the identical one so ably advocated by Justices Douglas and Jackson, that United States citizenship means the freedom to go and come freely anywhere within its borders.

That was precisely Browder's contention; that whatever objections there might have been raised to the passport application he filled out in 1934, he did not violate the law on returning from abroad in 1937 and 1938 since, as Justice Jackson so eloquently states, "the right of free movement is a right of national citizenship," and Browder did not require a passport to reenter the United States.

ABRAHAM UNGER.

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LETTERS FROM THE TOMBS

They came from Cell 612, where Morris U. Schappes, anti-fascist, trade-union leader, scholar, teacher was jailed. Conversations and thoughts of a leading American citizen.

MORRIS U. SCHAPPES *greeted by friends on his release. On his left is Dr. Bella Dodd, Teachers Union legislative representative; in the center, Schappes' wife, Sonya; on the right, his attorney, Edward Kuntz.*

WE WAITED *in the corridor of the Criminal Courts Building that hot Saturday afternoon of June 28. Somewhere in the ugly gray stone building a jury was deliberating on the case of Morris U. Schappes, anti-fascist, union leader, scholar, teacher—indicted for perjury first degree—tried for having been a member of the Communist Party.*

We waited for the verdict, filling in the hours with talk and jokes and long silences. People left every few minutes to telephone to others waiting. No news yet. No news is good news. The jury couldn't convict—not on the evidence of confessed liars? Perhaps even in spite of the blatant Red-baiting of the district attorney, perhaps in spite of the judge, shamefully pleading the case for the prosecution, perhaps—

But the jury—it had been chosen for its prejudices. Every one of the twelve good men and true had been admitted to the jury box by the attorney for the people *only after he had declared himself against Communists, Communism, and the Communist Party.*

At five o'clock a reporter came down. His voice seemed loud, inordinately loud. "Guilty," he said. "The jury found him guilty on all four counts." Somebody said, almost in a whisper, almost as if he didn't believe his voice, "Five years maximum on each count! Twenty years in prison!"

The reporter said, "Judge refused to grant him bail. They're taking him over to the Tombs." At 7:40 Morris U. Schappes—anti-fascist, trade union leader, scholar, teacher, political prisoner—*Cell 612, the Tombs, New York City, USA, wrote to his wife.*

Saturday, June 28, 1941. 7:40 PM

Darling:

A. B.* is the name of my jailer in Tier 6. We just had a long talk, he standing outside my cell (612) for more than an hour and a half. He has two children in parochial school, but if they get slow in learning, he's going to turn them into public school, because in parochial the classes have sixty or seventy pupils. In return, he now knows that it's criminal to plow food under; that what we need here is more industrial democracy to protect our political democracy; that crime is bred by poverty and poverty by Big Money —and, as the "Ballad for Americans" says —lots more.

And he asked for it, too. It all started when he asked me, when I was delivered to him, why I wanted to join the Party in the first place, me with a good job, and all that. I shrugged to avoid conversation. But when he thought that America was good enough for anyone, so what'd I have to prefer Russia, I told him it wasn't Russia at issue—that I wanted to improve our own country. Apparently he thought it needs improving too.

When I asked him for his name he was surprised. "What for?" "So I'll know you're human," I said. "Otherwise you'll be just a jailer." That seemed to strike him as original. Thereafter he became friendly. To prove it he gave me a top sheet!

I'm alone in cell 612—and prefer it.

Captain Guilbaud let me take in the newspapers, *The New York Teacher,* and the TNEC Monograph 26. . . .

I love you and always will. . . .

Emu.**

Monday, June 30, 1941. 1 PM

Dearest,

Last evening, as I was discussing the value of English literature with the skeptical Irving in 611 (he never liked Keats!) I heard a voice call, "Hey, Schappes, that you?" It was Ben Schoenfeld of the Taxi Division of the Transport Workers Union; the only one of the group tried last week that was convicted. He's up in the tier above me, 715. So now we chat loudly and publicly. And at recess we can see each other, a floor apart, by standing katy-corner in the middle of the entire structure.

This morning, shortly before ten, as I was waiting my turn to get shaved, I was told to go across the way to get fingerprinted again. Sheriff Tinney, the little ball of a man you saw me with Saturday on the steps, took me over to the place right behind Part 6 in General Sessions, where the jury used to come from. And that's how I met detective C. D., and a swell personality. He was shocked at the verdict; he doesn't think any man ought to be convicted for his political opinions. For over an hour, after reminiscing about himself, he plied me with questions on geography, astronomy (me!), schools, and Russia. With great delicacy, he asked, "Now don't misunderstand me and don't be offended, but over there, in Russia, are the people all Communists?" So I explained, and he listened. . . .

Interruption: the barber just called me for the shave I missed this morning. Although he has a monopoly and no overhead, he is allowed to soak us 25 cents a shave! . . .

4:15 PM

I stopped because the cell gate was opened for afternoon exercise. The first thing I did was to take a shower and wash my hair. Since my towel and linen had been taken away in the morning for the weekly change, I had to get one of the convict guards to get me a towel.

The guards here are rather friendly and go out of their way to help in little ways.

* Throughout, prison keepers are referred to by initials which are not their own. The names of all prisoners have been changed.

** A nickname compounded from the first two initials of his name.

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For instance, when I came back at about noon from the fingerprinting, it was way past lunch hour; yet one of the convicts—"seeing that it's you," he said—specially heated the frankfurters for me, and gave me a double portion! And just a few moments ago A. B., the night guard I met when I first was brought here, brought me a top sheet and—a bench for my cell. "Here," he said, "you wouldn't get it in Russia." I laughed, and gave him the *Times'* clipping on the Soviet churches' support of the war! . . . .

And after that came Mr. Levy, the probation officer. He'll be visiting you too in a day or so, and my parents. They ought to be informed to expect him. He asked me one strange question: "Do you wish to change your testimony before the Rapp-Coudert committee?" I answered, "No. I am appealing the case and have not changed my plea of not guilty." Levy also asked me about my political affiliations and beliefs. I told him all that was in the Rapp-Coudert record and trial record, where he could get it in detail. When he asked for a rough sketch, I referred him to Woodrow Wilson's *The New Freedom* (1913)—the surprise on his face!—and to the conflict between political democracy and monopoly control; and I advocated *peaceful* change.

He was very much surprised at the salaries City College teachers get. So, indeed, is A. B. the guard, and everyone else I tell—always in response to their questions. . . .

Love, and love again.

Emu.

Tuesday, July 1, 1941, 4:30 PM

Sweetheart,

I've been humming and singing all day for having seen you. You were sweet, and full of news, and brave. . . .

During the afternoon, I was so blithe I was rebuked! By Tommie, a poor kid from 135th and Amsterdam. Yesterday we talked about the stadium, Jasper Oval, and the neighborhood, the ball team and the ice-skating in the stadium. He's shy, hasn't had a chance, a second offender, beaten, and afraid. Pacing along, I approached him, and slowed up as he opened his mouth. "So how do you like it here?" he asks. "Better and better every day, can't you see?" I kidded, with a touch of truth. "You're O. K. now," he says, "but wait'll you've been here two months, like me. It'll get you."

I shrugged his comment away, but I've been thinking about it all afternoon. And he's dead wrong. I'll never get a double chin from failing to keep my head up. That's a promise, not a boast. And it's not my prowess. It's you, and Bella, and the rest of the men and women in the union, and the terse and proud war communiques from over there that even the *Times* must print in full. It's all that, bred so deep no Jonah can exorcise it, that makes the deep difference.

Tommie's plight is not imprisonment but an inescapable sense of isolation. If he got out tomorrow he'd be just as ineffectually alone, looking at best for a boss, and at worst for a victim. But Ben Schoenfeld up in 715 and I feel all of you in here. There's a new division of labor in "the work that we must do," as Eisler's song has it. Our capacity for effectiveness has been reduced, and that's what chafes most! But the diabolics of it is that twenty others are working twice as hard! So the iron bars are a pattern on the wall, a hindrance to work, and a barrier to you whom I love.

Talking about songs—I can't for the life of me remember the words to any except the "Battle Hymn" and "Auf, auf."* Send me in letters and written in prose form, the words to some of my favorites, especially the "Peat Bog Soldiers." . . .

By the way, the really interesting thing I'm reading is the TNEC Monogram 26, "Economic Power and Political Pressures," by Prof. Donald C. Blaisdell. It's 200 pages of solid stuff. And I have an idea! Call up Joe North or Abe Magil and ask whether they'd want me to review it for NEW MASSES. I have some interpretations and criticism to make which should be interesting. And I can think of no finer way to spend a July Fourth week-end in The Tombs. Let me know. . . .

Want some more suggestions for the defense? . . .

I understand the first meeting of the New Defense Committee will be held tomorrow. My personal greetings to every one of them.

Emu.

Tier 6, Cell 12, The Tombs.

Friday, July 11, 1941. 4:00 PM

Beloved Sonya,

When I came back to my tier after seeing you (so brave, and so lovely!), Keeper E. F. told me to take a shower before I went back to my cell. I did, and soaped and scrubbed, and caroled lofty songs under the hot water. Now I'm clean, shiny, in shorts—and stripped for action for the next round.

Of one thing I am sure to the deep marrow: that the decision, verdict, and sentence shall be reversed, perhaps by the Appellate Division, perhaps by the Court of Appeals, perhaps by the Supreme Court, perhaps by the court of last and best resort, the Sovereign court of the people. . . .

The campaign conducted so far must have been splendid. Convey my admiration for, and my craftsman's pride in, all that was accomplished. It's an index to what more can be done, with such wonderful people working so zealously. How I love them all!

Even now, after the chatter, and the small talk, and the answers to solicitous friendly prisoners on the tier, and the kidding with the keepers ("Excuse me," A. B. said in mock pride, "don't call us keepers, we're Correction Officers. You got us wrong.")—even now after four hours of calming routine, I am seething a bit with the memory of the *insolence* of the court. I don't know what else to name it *but* insolence. The atmosphere was certainly grave and judicial. A few feet in front of me, the head and shoulders of the judge, robed, solemn, graying, looking so very much like the judge. At my right, Eddie, counselor and loyal friend. At my left, the press men crowding each other. Art Shields standing out lean and stern and bright-eyed. Behind me, I could *feel* Bella, probably on the edge of her seat. . . . I was nervous to begin with, because of consciousness of lack of formal preparation, but went to it with a slip of notes before me. I spoke directly to the court, often pointedly to the man, holding his eyes for long moments. Intently I watched every grave nod, the occasional surprise in his glance, the fleeting indecipherable expression. I could have sworn he was paying attention!

When I finished and he began, I stood in strained rigidity, immobile, like a badly trained new soldier. I wanted to be duly respectful to the court. But Judge Goldstein was reading from a *prepared* statement! He wasn't responding to what I had said! The very form of his utterance proclaimed the fact that even in this seeming-solemn moment in the judicial process, the court was turning the procedure into farce no less disgusting because it was so obviously routine. The defendant has the last plea, and the law compels the appearance of listening; and then you play the next prepared tune. As he proceeded I relaxed inwardly: if he could do no more than repeat a *Times* or *Nation* editorial or President Wright's sanctimonious speeches, well. . . . Perhaps realizing deep inside that he was not going to escape the indignation of citizens still outraged by injustice and the Coudert poisonous prescription of "brutal treatment," Goldstein demanded that the D.A.'s office investigate the authors of the leaflet criticizing his conduct of the trial. Apparently he wants to learn at first hand that we don't scare easily. So he hasn't the courage of his conviction, the courage of *my* conviction, the courage to mete out his sentence with an eye for the approbation of Reaction and face the storm of protest! No, he must resort to tyrannical threats against those who really believe that "where law ends, tyranny begins," words graven on the new courthouse.

But he had more. He needed to add insult to insolence. He oozes forth the salve of his conscience: the purge trials of Moscow, where no stenograms were taken! Thank heaven, America, and learn to thank Stalin too, for a Red Army purged of Trotskyites and Tukhachevskys, as the Army moves to demolish the blitzkrieg! . . . Another insult—Communists build front organizations, duping gullible people that trust them. And all I could do as he rambled on in vacuous self-defense was to raise my head higher in a tiny gesture of resentment. Judge Jonah Goldstein!—ignorant of history, self-pleased victim of prejudices he indulges to the limit, Jonah Canute! . . .

Then Gelb—miserable little Gelb, small in stature even if grown to twice his size on the ogre's Red-bait these D.A.'s feed on. Eddie

* A German anti-fascist song.

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asks that I be paroled in his or Bella Mia's custody, or their joint custody. Jonah makes motions of thinking by pushing his left cheek out with his tongue and looking at the ceiling. Then to Gelb: "Has the D.A. any recommendation?" To Gelb the request is novel, unheard of, although Eddie tells the court that Judge Freschi granted such a request in that very courtroom. But Gelb didn't have the nerve to repeat the crack* about my calling up Joe Stalin for instructions, maybe because even to his trivial mind must have penetrated the fact that today the people of America are beginning to look with different eyes, shining hopeful eyes, to Stalin, head of the Special State Commission for Defense of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, and for defense of all the peoples of the world. . . .

Honest people have been so decent in all this—I mean around the courts! The Negro court attendant who was supposed to search me for concealed weapons before I was brought into the courtroom, hardly touched my clothes as he said, "And how are you this morning, professor?" And another Negro attendant later, down in the pen below, hung around talking to me; he had been a student in the evening at City for many years, in the 1920's. "You ought to write a book," he says to me, "about your experiences. It would be a fine book, like Jan Valtin's" (!). And A. B. and E. F. wondering how I'd react, tentative, hovering around, going easy on the general kidding around until I put them at ease by using the old tempo myself. And the Negro I met in the showers just yesterday, but who knew all about me "from the papers" (he's a fourth offender facing fifteen years to life imprisonment), searching me out to ask, "How much?" and commenting, "That's good. I'm glad it wasn't ten to twenty."

And all of you out there working, and armies winning, and unions organizing, and men and women growing so fast it makes you rub your eyes and remember Lenin's moral that the people must learn through their own experience, and the leadership of the vanguard.

And my love, deep and deep, to all of you —and the special kind to you, Sonya.

Emu.

Tier 6, Cell 12, The Tombs.
Sunday, July 13, 1941. 4 PM

My darling,

Sunday in the Tombs is somehow subdued. You sort of feel it's Sunday—every minute has a wooden leg. All the little week-day excitements are reduced or cut out. There is less noise of passing cars outside. There are no afternoon papers to look forward to and compete for; you even miss the unimportant annoyance of not being able to get anything but the *Journal*. Nor is there the grave routine of buying milk in the morning, oranges in the afternoon, and envelopes all the time. And of course the special event of buying a pair of shoe laces when I tore an old one in the shower, that of course is altogether out. This on the negative side—on the positive side is the rare routine of saying, "No, I'm not going to Christian Science Services," and an hour later, "No, I'm not going to Protestant Services," and so forth . . .

I held hands—so to speak—with John, who has been in a minor panic these last few days as he awaits sentence tomorrow. He lives in such a small world that when a wall falls in there's nothing else. Until Friday, he was calm enough; but when I came back and told him what I had, he became fearful for himself all over again. Since he's a pleasant enough chap, I even suggested he share my cell for the week-end (subject to the keepers' OK) but he declined. So I got the happy thought of lending him the Beards' *History*. He took it with hesitation: "Are you sure I'll understand it? Will I know all the words?" I assured him it was a high school text—and that a sustained reading effort would be more steadying than papers and *Collier's*. Last night, when I offered to give him my *Times*, he shouted, "No, Morris, I don't want it. I'm on page 96 of the *History*. It's good." He had never read a history book before! He makes $5,000 a year and can't make head or tails of a financial page! Wrapped in the cellophane of the suburbanite, he's much less alert than A. B., the Keeper. But he is willing to learn—and has a humility and shyness not common in the movie idea of a successful salesman.

Next door, in 611, there are a couple of prizes. A few days ago Pete, fresh from a stick-up with a gun, was put in. After he got settled, he knocked on my wall to ask for a paper. I tossed him the *Times*. Next minute he was yelling to his pal on the 7th tier: "Hey, Detroit, I'm getting smart. I'm readin' the *Times*." Next morning I got a look at him: dark, hair black and close-cropped down to a bristle, side-burns long, and a black rosary round his neck. And tough—and swaggering! . . .

In the last couple of days I've noticed I've begun to break down some of the barriers among the Negro boys. A few have been coming around asking for yesterday's papers, which I distribute to as many as I can. This one will come around to buy some stamps for a special delivery, that one will just pass, stop, and say, "Hello, I seen your picture in the papers." And Gerald is now reading the *New York Teacher* with great interest. Richard, by the way (of "the hongry wife"), has had only *one* year of school, in Nashville, Tenn. A Brooklyn storekeeper he worked for as errand boy taught him to read and write. He's much more at ease now because the D.A. reduced the charge against him from burglary to petty larceny, which is only a misdemeanor. He promised me he'd finish Fiske's history by tomorrow, so I can keep it moving. . . .

Tier 6, Cell 12, The Tombs.
Wednesday, July 30, 1941. 4:30 PM

My darling,

I am not so much impatient as—all expectant! I am afraid to start doing any one of the routine things I've been doing for thirty-three days lest—happy lest—I hear the keeper's, "Come on, Morris, you're going out." I've packed—the unique packing of a man leaving prison, unlike packing to move, unlike packing for a vacation, unlike packing to come home from a vacation; packing to go out of prison wears its rue with an utter difference. My laundry is neatly tied in brown wrapping paper; on the shelf table is another pile: an envelope with papers, clippings, and notes; the special issue of the *New York Teacher*, battered now by the careless handling of at least ten other readers; the Bible, which Rabbi Sarachek assured me I could take with me; and crowning all—a five-inch packet of all the varied letters so many wonderfully solicitous people have sent, all except your letters, which are separately placed....

The hours, five of them, since Bella Mia and I hugged each other in delight after Eddie had exclaimed, "Motion granted" — strange hours. I feel like a man who, say, had a piece of finger shot off at 10:55 AM on Nov. 11, 1918. Why did the arranging generals have to set the armistice for the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month, with superstitious symmetry? Had they set it for 10 AM—*so many lives saved; for* 9 AM—*so* many more! And even though it's a little piece of finger—and even though he's glad to get off alive—still, that soldier grudges that wound because it was useless. The war had ended *before* his being shot.

So I *grudge* these hours In Here, knowing the certificate is granted, and all done but the unwinding of some black tape. Not that I am anything but *sure* that Eddie and Bella Mia and you are working as fast as you can to get a million papers signed, sealed, delivered, stamped, certified, checked, double-checked, blotted and what not. Time seems so much longer *now*, especially since I don't know whether I'll be released at six, seven, nine, twelve tonight, or tomorrow afternoon! So many precious hours wasted, when there's so much to be *doing!*

This morning . . . I wrote to Margaret, just to do something normal. Out on the afternoon walk, I hung around near the tier telephone, thinking every ring was the message to me. But I know what I'm going to do now—I'll reconstitute the fragments of my little routine, and let 'em come and *get* me. . . .

I'm going to mail this to our home, sweetheart. Then, if I'm there to receive it with you in the morning, we'll read it together; it'll be like hearing an echo when you've seen the maker's lips move first. And if not, it will be only a few hours at most till I see you, kiss you, and hold you again.

Love!

Emu.

I'll give my own regards and greetings tomorrow! Such people!

* On March 19, when Morris Schappes was arraigned before Judge John J. Sullivan, Gelb insisted on the high bail of $5,000 because, he said, "Your Honor, the first thing Schappes will do when he leaves the courtroom will be to call up Joe Stalin to find out whether he should return to stand trial." The bail was fixed at $5,000.

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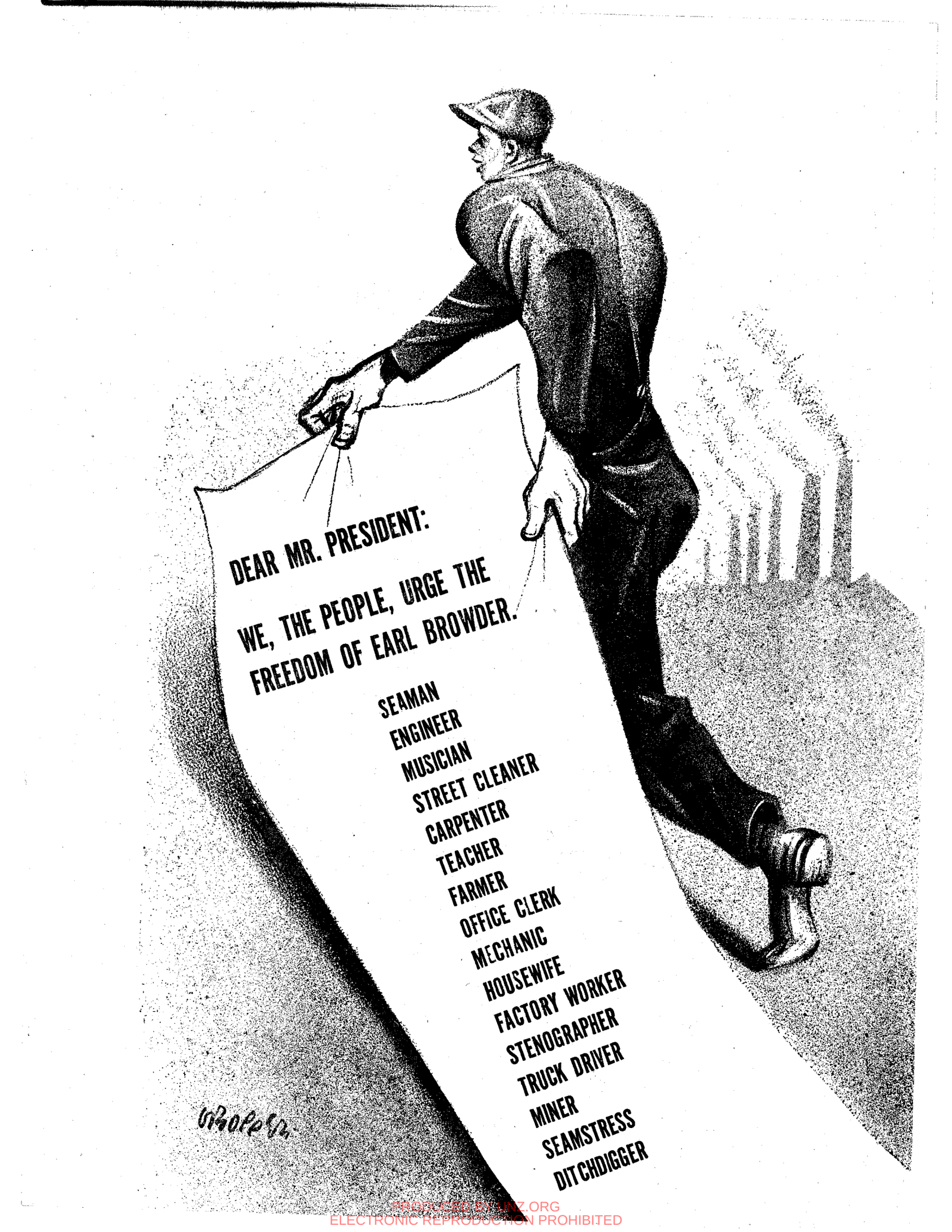

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AMBITIOUS CANVAS

Samuel Putnam reviews Ciro Alegria's prize novel. An odd mingling of the pastoral and the picaresque. . . . Two war books whose contents do not measure up to their styles.

BROAD AND ALIEN IS THE WORLD, *by Ciro Alegria. Translated from the Spanish by Harriet de Onis. Farrar & Rinehart. $2.75.*

NORTH AMERICAN readers have naturally looked forward with considerable interest to the results of the Latin American Prize Novel Contest conducted by the publishing house of Farrar & Rinehart. Launched in connection with the intensified cultural relations drive, in close cooperation with the Rockefeller committee, Mr. Archibald MacLeish, and the Pan American Union, the competition was obviously one that had its possibilities.

Would the jurors (John Dos Passos, Blair Niles, and the Chilean writer Ernesto Montenegro) succeed in uncovering something really worthwhile, from the point of view of that full, deeper understanding of Latin America and its peoples which is so greatly to be desired? Would they bring us something more than a well done imitation of our own book club selections, something genuine and autochthonous, however strange-seeming in appearance, and however remote from our own modes of thinking and feeling?

In *Broad and Alien Is the World* we have before us the novel which was awarded the first prize of $2,500. How does it live up to our expectations?

TO BEGIN WITH, it may be said that to anyone who possesses a degree of familiarity with the Latin American novel as a distinctive genre, this is essentially *an article for the export trade.* Senor Alegria, who previously had written two novels and won two prizes, and who appears to be headed for the best-seller list, here has found himself confronted with a certain definite literary bull's-eye at which to shoot, and he has taken relentless aim at the target as he was able to sight it. He would give those Yankees their money's worth, the kind of thing they were shopping for: something "big" in physical bulk (more than 400 closely printed pages) and in plot conception; something, moreover, that would meet their idea of what a novel coming from Latin America should be, with plenty of color, a hint of social meaning, but nothing that would jar their sensibilities or give their consciences a bad quarter of an hour.

The upshot of Senor Alegria's somewhat too intensive exertions is a novel marked by a certain woodenness of structure, as if the author had first sat down and made an outline and then with a grim do-or-die determination had seen it through to the bitter end. Even the comparative intangibles of style and mood impress one as having been carefully plotted in advance. The book throughout exhibits a rather painful striving for the note of primitive simplicity and pantheism, as if this were the only resort the novelist had for bringing out the traits and life of the downtrodden Peruvian red men who people his pages; that there *are* other methods has been shown by more than one Mexican writer who has cut far deeper on the social side—not to speak of what Jorge Icaza, Gil Gilbert, and the other Ecuadorians are doing in this regard.

SENOR ALEGRIA has taken the precaution—for one cannot help feeling that it is a precaution—of throwing back his scene for some three decades, the action taking place about the year 1910. This enables him to avoid those more recent complications of a social and political nature, together with their economic roots, which might prove embarrassing in a work destined for North American consumption. The tale has to do with a small Indian village in the mountains of Peru and the manner in which the bucolic life of the aborigines is broken up, when their communal holdings are stolen from them outright by a rapacious landlord. The author then traces the wanderings of various characters through all the different governmental departments of Peru. One character takes us to the coca swamps, another to the rubber plantations in the jungle, another to the capital city of Lima and the life along the coast, etc.

This, certainly, is an ambitious canvas, and one that affords a wealth of social content. To this content the author is not oblivious. After all, an executive member of Haya de la Torre's Aprista party, does he not have his pretensions as a social novelist? The indescribable and unbelievable sufferings of the coca and rubber workers are portrayed with fidelity; but it is, one senses, a fidelity to a literary pattern that has gone before—that of Jose Eustacio Rivera in *The Vortex (La Voragine)* or of Jorge Icaza in his untranslated *Huasipungo*—rather than to a life that has been known and lived by the author at first hand.

The novel has its exciting scenes, one of the most picturesque of which is the fight to the death of the bandits in the cave at night. There is also Fiero Vasquez' prison escape and its attendant suspense. On the whole there is too much of interpolated long-drawn-out anecdote and of tiresomely prolix descriptions of nature, with an overstress on the mysticism of the earth. Like most serious Latin American novelists, Senor Alegria has the landscape to wrestle with, and, like some of the best of them, he is thrown by it at times.

In style the book displays rather an odd mingling of the pastoral and the picaresque (that ineluctable heritage of the novelist writing in Spanish). At moments there is the faintly incongruous intrusion of a more modern movielike technique. The translation is flawless; if there were any fault to be found with Mrs. Onis, it would be that she has occasionally done slightly more than justice to her material.

SAMUEL PUTNAM.

A Communication to All American Writers

THE League of American Writers proudly supports the President and Congress in the declaration of war on fascist Japan. This treacherous marauder is a part of the fascist Axis, and in collusion with Hitler has brought war to our country. Americans will resist aggression with a resolution and heroism equal to that of the Chinese, the British, and the Russian people.

Japan's war upon us is a new phase of the world struggle between democracy and fascism. It would serve the Axis conspiracy, which has plotted this attack, to limit our action to Japan. Our war is with the entire fascist Axis, not with one end of it. We therefore urge the immediate declaration of war against Germany and Italy and their satellites.

Unwavering courage, a unified national will to win, and a complete understanding of the issues are needed. We call on all American writers to put their training, talent, and devotion at the service of our country.

National Board of the League of American Writers
DASHIELL HAMMETT, *President.*

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Limited Backgrounds

THE EMPTY ROOM, *by Charles Morgan. The Macmillan Co. $2.*

THE FORT, *by Storm Jameson. The Macmillan Co. $1.75.*

BOTH of these English writers are famous for the quality of their prose. But what we witness in these two small novels about the war is the invasion of style by a content too complex and overpowering for it. Only a difficult courtesy makes *The Empty Room* the political parable that is intended. Essentially it subsists in its surface—a mystery-love story in the manner of Daphne du Maurier. Despite Miss Jameson's very intimate descriptive sense of a French scene, *The Fort* is never really descriptive or immediate. Though intended to symbolize the state of events on the eve of the fall of Paris, it remains fatally abstract.

Yet we can at once credit both Miss Jameson and Charles Morgan with an honest desire to see the end of Hitlerism. These novelettes are so far from being brickbats, not because there are so few words, but because there are *merely* words between the covers. All the grace in the world will not atone for their lack of vitality and concreteness. What is fundamentally wrong in each case is the state of understanding exemplified by the following from *The Empty Room:* "It is the absence of the will to liberty that kills men, nations, women." "National psychology," the influence of landscape and language—anything but economic and social history are determining factors for these authors.

The action of *The Empty Room* centers in a small English country house during the first winter of the war and the fall of France. It is the home of the scholar Henry Rydal and his daughter and becomes a home for Richard Cannock, who has given up a successful ophthalmic practice for a "war job." Rydal is the center of the story, the nexus between the actual small circuit of events and the immense reality of a nation at war. "The idea of regeneration dominated Rydal's life . . . he felt that throughout the world the humane individualism that is the philosophic root of democracy was being trodden under, but he believed in its vitality, persistent fruitfulness, its power to be born again." Within the first twenty pages all references to England, to war, fade from the narrative. The theme of regeneration is taken up in the thin subpattern of Rydal's attempt to achieve a new marriage with the woman who had left him years before. Venetia, whom her daughter had believed dead, may possibly, but certainly obscurely and unsuitably represent the regenerative potentialities of nations. That she *is* able to come back, to "lay the ghost" of her lovely portrait on the sitting room wall, is probably intended to reassure us about the fate of mankind. It only reminds us how arrogant a presumption has been made by this unsatisfactory use of symbolism.

Possibly this book, like *The Fort,* is really

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not concerned with its apparent theme of war at all, but with a special problem of psychic insecurity—the return to belief. In *The Empty Room* its symbol is Venetia Rydal; in *The Fort* it is the dead, world-war soldier Jamie who returns on the last page to give back his fresh idealism and courage to the men of today.

In *The Fort* five officers, two English and three French, wait in hiding in the cellar of a ruined farm in northern France. Into their midst stumbles a young German whom they are forced to execute for their own safety. The Nazis are taking the Marne, they are at the gates of Paris; among the six men runs an inconclusive controversy on the cause and purposes of the offstage battles. The two younger French officers quarrel interminably. Why did France fall? As in *Cousin Honore,* written last year, Storm Jameson makes the same answer: "Because the only passion millions of Frenchmen have in common is fear. . . ." For Germany, too, the explanation is psychological rather than political. "It was a German who explained that they're driven to possess other countries brutally, because they're not loved. . . . Why is it only Germany that flings itself into these paroxysms of affection for other people's goods, and rolls about Europe smashing and killing and stealing, when it isn't asking to be admired for its strength?" Such dangerously superficial verbiage explains why this book is neither an effective tract nor a realized novel. Miss Jameson's speakers all voice only their author's ignorance of political truths like the meaning of the Front Populaire, of the Soviet Union, of Chamberlain's Munich policy. What does come through in this dialogue in limbo is her undeniable ability to record the way soldiers feel about home, a particular field or hilltop. Out of this common humanity Hitler's defeat will be made.

MILLICENT LANG.

An American Community

EVENING IN SPRING, *by August Derleth. Chas. Scribner's Sons. $2.50.*

IN HIS most recent addition to his saga of Sac Prairie, Wis., August Derleth places in the foreground of his story a simple idyll of adolescent love. An interest in the localisms of Sac Prairie, however, obtrudes itself upon the story of the young lovers; Mr. Derleth apparently assumes that first love is the monotonous thing in all small towns which it proves to be in Sac Prairie. What *is* important appears to be differences of fact and differences in local color. The texture of the novel comes, therefore, from Mr. Derleth's industrious researches into the topographical and physical features of Sac Prairie. A map on the inside cover might have spared the reader considerable confusion in following the principal action of the novel: the storyteller's continual journeys on foot from one end of Sac Prairie to the other. His movements are occasionally interrupted by a factitious assort-

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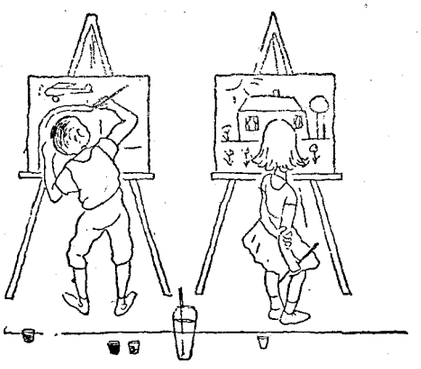
One may not question Mr. Derleth's zeal in the restoration of the Sac Prairie of 1920. But it seems to me that an antiquarian approach to regional material cannot alone provide a basis for good fiction. Finding novelty in the familiar, and an old, old story in a new set of particulars may be a good formula. But to write a human history of an American community at a significant moment in our recent past requires something more than a formula.

ALAN BENOIT.

Brief Review

A HISTORY OF HUNGARY, *by Dominic Kosary. Benjamin Franklin Bibliophile Society. $3.*

This might be called a semi-official history of Hungary. It does a fairly thorough job in tracing Hungarian development through medieval times, and is fairly objective in discussing the Hungarian nationalist movement in the Dual Empire, but it becomes definitely apologetic in its treatment of Hungary's role in the world war and its aftermath. The author, a professor at the Eotvos College in Budapest, attacks both the Karolyi government and its shortlived Communist successor as acting in the "interests of the victorious enemy"; he finds, on the other hand, that the dictator Nicholas Horthy "restored order" and began to "rebuild" the country. The discussion of the past twenty-five years is very foreshortened; the author admits he does not wish to engage in a "political argument" and therefore cannot appraise recent history extensively. But it is only too clear that he is a vigorous supporter of that reactionary Hungarian revisionism which has led his country into the arms of Adolf Hitler.



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MOVIES AND MUSICIANS

Joy Davidman goes through "Laburnum Grove" with no great pleasure. . . . A concert for Earl Robinson, songmaker for the people.

FROM a director as competent as Carol Reed, *Laburnum Grove* comes as a shock. This English film makes little or no pretense of using film technique at all; it is a play crudely transferred to the screen, depending entirely upon dialogue for its effects. Occasional passages of continuity are pathetically feeble, and the film as a whole is slight and short enough to pass as a short subject. An amateurish jerkiness mars the photography, while the sound recording combines with British accents to make much of the dialogue indistinguishable.

Nevertheless, *Laburnum Grove* is at times delectable. Considered as a play, it has an amusing situation and witty lines. The respectable London suburbanite who grows tomatoes for a hobby and earns a dishonest penny by counterfeiting is a charming fellow to know, and his cadging relatives are portraits in J. B. Priestley's best manner—a manner derived directly from Dickens. What makes *Laburnum Grove* enchanting, however, is its acting, which obviously owes nothing to the director, everything to the performers themselves. The gentle wickedness of Edmund Gwenn, in the leading role, is worth watching, especially when he sweetly tells off an inspector from Scotland Yard. Done with a small smile or the merest flicker of an eyelid, this is the sort of understatement that approaches virtuosity, and it makes an admirable contrast to Cedric Hardwicke's astonishing farcical performance as the crook's banana-eating ape of a brother-in-law. Shedding his usual suave dignity, Sir Cedric emerges with an immortal caricature of a lout. The noisily sucked teeth, the uncouth shamble, the querulous yapping of the voice —these are brilliantly observed and brilliantly put to use. It is the highest type of acting, the sort that uses intelligence as well as intuition. Victoria Hopper, too, is neatly acidulous as the lout's long-suffering but not patient wife.

IT MUST HAVE cost a great deal of money to bring the animated calendar chromo, *Smiling Through,* to its present perfection. An earlier version had decent black-and-white photography and a reasonably competent cast, and it was bad enough even so. In technicolor, the latest production is indescribable.

To begin with, we meet a gentleman who spends fifty years yodeling the horrible name of Moonyean (his murdered bride) down by the old willow tree, while her ghost hovers over him in a very fetching bridal gown. Moonyean's niece, whose resemblance to her aunt can only be explained by the fact that they are both Jeanette MacDonald, meanwhile grows up and falls in love with the murderer's son. Renunciation, heartbreak, with the first world war muttering in the distance. Separation, bullet-holes, more renunciation, reunion. Old Uncle John goes off on a ghostly honeymoon with his ever-loving bride. All this happens as slowly as possible, with innumerable pauses for songs and tears by Miss MacDonald.

This production, lush and highly colored, suffers from a camera focus discreetly blurred in deference to the makeup of its rather young grandfathers and its more than elderly juveniles. The direction is curiously static, forcing the players to spend long periods of time staring straight in front of them with nothing to do but gulp. The quality of Miss MacDonald's acting, however, is certainly no director's fault. Gene Raymond, on the other hand, really tries to act—tries as hard as the frog who tried to be an elephant. Even Brian Aherne, who used to glitter like fireworks, is as stiff and silly as the rest of them; he looks as if his collar, or his lines, were choking him. Miss MacDonald's singing is far above the level of the picture, never being more than a quarter-tone flat.

JOY DAVIDMAN.

"Twelfth Night"

The Chekhov Theater Players' production of Shakespeare's comedy.

SOMETIMES it's hard to understand what the critical gentry of the daily newspapers would like to see in the theater. Almost unanimously, they tossed brickbats at the Chekhov Theater Players' production of Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night.* It might be acid stomach, or then again, it might be critical and cultural illiteracy.

Twelfth Night is one of Shakespeare's slighter comedies. It's thin all around, and at times the Bard's imagination flags sadly. But it *can* be made to provide a pleasant evening in the theater, and that is exactly what Michael Chekhov and his amateur group have done with it.

Mr. Chekhov (in his own right a great actor) has given his imagination free rein. And most of his theatrical ideas come across. What he has done is to contrive a production of this cockeyed story (with its lovely songs) which is pictorially beautiful, extremely funny. It is true that he has at times overplayed the job in an effort to "sell" Shakespeare to

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the modern audience. It was unnecessary. When Will is bad, no amount of selling will help him; when he is good, he does not need it.

There are characters and situations in *Twelfth Night* that are valid any way you look at them. They are Sir Toby Belch, Sir Andrew Aguecheek, Malvolio, Viola, Maria, and Feste (the clown)—delightful people all of them. And when an amateur actress named Beatrice Straight can give us a Viola that puts to shame the "interpretations" of such resounding names as Eva Le Gallienne and Helen Hayes (not to mention lesser luminaries), then there is something to be said for the production that gave her a chance to show what she could do. The same holds true of the other unknown people who played the fat knight and the thin knight, the melancholy chamberlain of Olivia, her lusty maidservant, and her fool. All of these performers were somehow induced to behave on the stage in ways that people like Maurice Evans, Katharine Cornell, and other aspirants to the sock-and-buskin might well emulate. This is no joke; and their names, respectively, are Ford Rainey, Hurd Hatfield, Sam Schatz, Mary Haynsworth, and Alan Harkness.

Mr. Chekhov might profitably tune his production down a key or two before taking it on tour. It does become strident at moments; it does strain for effects in an effort to bolster those scenes of the play that cannot be held up in any event. But by and large this unpretentious effort is, in my humble opinion, as interesting and as lively a production of a Shakespeare comedy as you will be likely to see for some time.

ALVAH BESSIE.

People's Musician

The New Theater League's concert for Earl Robinson. . . . Rudolf Serkin.

IF ANY man deserves the title of People's Musician, that man is surely Earl Robinson. For the record of this composer is in a large sense the history of our democratic music in the last decade. Consider his achievements. Eight years ago, a lad from Seattle in his early twenties, Robinson became the chief composer for the New Theatre League and the Theater of Action. His songs were immediately accepted and sung everywhere in the labor movement. I recall "Flying Squadron," "Frisco Strike Saga," "Death House Blues" (concerning the Scottsboro Boys), and "Horace Greeley" of that period. Later he wrote songs about Abe Lincoln, John Brown, Joe Hill. He composed music for two documentary films, "People of the Cumberland," and "United Action." More recently he introduced that stirring modern classic, "Ballad for Americans."

As a Guggenheim scholar he began work on an opera based on Sandburg's "The People, Yes," now reaching completion. As a champion of folk music, he has not only written union songs and songs dedicated to American heroes, but he has disinterred and popularized tunes that have been collecting dust for years. Because of Earl's zeal, popular musical literature has been enriched by "Drill, Ye Tarriers, Drill," "Old Joe Clark," "Grey Goose," "Wanderin'," "John Henry," "Casey Jones," and others. And to make sure that these songs would be sung and made familiar everywhere, he organized the American People's Chorus, building it from a single volunteer to a fine musical organization of more than 200 members.

It was therefore only to be expected that sooner or later his value to America would be formally celebrated. Such recognition came last week, when the New Theatre League gave a concert of Songs for Democracy in his honor. The program was rich and full, ranging from Revolutionary War ballads to the battlesongs of the Soviet Union.

Marc Blitzstein, Leadbelly, Joshua White, Paul Villard, Mordecai Bauman, the Almanac Singers, Bart Van Der Schelling, and Sam Gary were among the many of his colleagues who came to pay tribute to his work. Indeed, the program included several artists who have rarely been heard on any concert stage. The presence of John and Lucy Allison was in the nature of a personal appearance to the hundreds who were familiar with their charming and moving ballads of the wars of 1776 and 1812 only through records.

The same was true of Richard Dyer-Bennet, an Australian who accompanies himself on a captivating and fantastic instrument called the Swedish lute. He sang the Australian folk song "Waltzing Matilda." The lyrics describe the migratory worker with his stick and bundle, but today the Australian troops have made the song their own. The "Waltzing Matilda" has become a tank going into battle. Liu Lang Mo, who supervised the recordings of Chee-Lai, sang a section of that work, his songs ranging from the tenderness of a Chinese lullaby to the fury of an oppressed people on the march.

But not all the musicians present that night were on the stage. Throughout the audience were scores of pianists, violinists, composers, who came, attracted by Earl Robinson's reputation and unique position in the field of music. There were many with whom he had worked and to whom he had given help and training. There were singers whom he had taught; these people would not have permitted anything to interfere with their attending the concert.

As his share of the program, Robinson presented sections from his newest work, "The People, Yes." Like all his songs and compositions, it is easily communicable to the audience, so much so that the huge crowd spontaneously started a collection to keep the program going beyond the time allotted by Town Hall. When Michael Loring sang the last note of "Ballad for Americans," the audience lingered, reluctant to go home.

JOSEPH FOSTER.

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LAST week the Mozart "Mass in C Minor" received its second American performance at Carnegie Hall by the Schola Cantorum, the same organization which introduced it to this country only two years ago. It seems very curious that a major work by no less a composer than Mozart should be heard for the first time in America more than 150 years after it was written. Nevertheless, this Mozart Mass, while not as consistently original as his famous "Requiem Mass," represents the mature Mozart and is definitely a work that should be classified among his best. Though based on an ecclesiastical text, the character of the music is hardly within the bounds of strict church music. The score is replete with dramatic intensity achieved by the use of sharp tonal contrasts and numerous rich modulations—devices which Mozart employed so fondly in his last symphonies. There is very little of his early "elegant" style in this music. On the contrary, the strong passages possess a brilliance and sonority closer to the "moderns." To some tastes the approach in the fugal sections is too formalistic. However, the atmospheric and melodic beauty of the "Incarnatus" and "Crucifixus" are unsurpassed.

Due to the commendable work of the famous Schola Cantorum Chorus, the members of the Philharmonic Orchestra, and a quartet of vocal soloists the level of performance was generally high. The director, Hugh Ross, deserves special mention for his restrained and authentic interpretation.

Undoubtedly other choral organizations will now include this work in their repertoire, and it is to be hoped that record companies will place it on wax so that the widest possible audience can become acquainted with it.

THERE may be better pianists than Rudolf Serkin but I have never heard them. A capacity audience at Carnegie Hall was dazzled by an exhibition of thrilling pianistic artistry. Undoubtedly Serkin continues the line of legendary piano giants such as Liszt and Anton Rubenstein, who were supposed to have had no interpretive or technical limitations. This would apply doubly to Serkin, a great virtuoso and interpreter. Every number was conceived on a monumental scale and projected with a breadth of style, an unflagging intensity, and nuances of tonal color that were seemingly inexhaustible. The Beethoven "Moonlight Sonata" has been performed innumerable times by professionals and amateurs alike, but I doubt if the opening movement was ever played with more lyric beauty or deeper understanding. This was equally true of the Schumann, "Etudes Symphoniques," three pieces by Reger, "Three Czech Dances" by Smetana, and a Chopin group. In each number, without exception, Serkin was able to extract the innermost content of these divergent compositions and communicate it with utmost clarity.

Obviously Serkin is an artist of profound sensitivity and understanding. Despite his evident electrical nature, he plays with disci-

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PROGRESSIVE'S ALMANAC

"PROGRESSIVE'S Almanac" is a calendar of meetings, dances, luncheons, and cultural activities within the progressive movement. This list is published in connection with NEW MASSES' Clearing Bureau, created for the purpose of avoiding conflicting dates for various affairs. Fraternal organizations, trade unions, political bodies, etc., are urged to notify NEW MASSES Clearing Bureau of events which they have scheduled. Service of the Clearing Bureau is free. A fee of one dollar per listing will be charged for all affairs listed in this column.

DECEMBER

12—I.W.O. (Patrick Henry Lodge) West Side Forum, Isidor Schneider on the Far Eastern Crisis, 220 W. 80th St., 8:30.

13—Lecture, "Main Perspectives of the War." Sam Darcy, Workers School, 2:30.

13-20—Saturday Forum Luncheon Group—lectures by Faculty members of Met. Colleges, Rogers Restaurant, 8th Ave. & 50th St., 12:30.

13—Jewish Peoples Committee, East Side Cabaret, Floor Show & Dance, The Manhattan (66 E. 4th St.).

13—Workers School, Fall Dance, Irving Plaza.

13—Anna Sokolow and Group, Dance Recital, 92nd St., Y.M.H.A.

17—Committee of Jewish Writers and Artists in U. S., meeting, greeting to Jews in USSR—Madison Square Garden, 8:30.

17—Nat'l Federation for Constitutional Liberties rally for liberty. Speakers Hon. Meyer Goldberg, Earl Robinson, Prof. Dirk Struik, Manhattan Center, 2:30.

19—NEW MASSES—Interpretation Please No. 5, Webster Hall, "America at War."

21—Spanish Anti-Fascists' Unity Committee—Entertainment and Rally—Medical Aid to USSR and Spanish Refugees (Mecca Temple, 7 P.M.).

21—Concert by Bruno Walter and members of Philharmonic Orchestra, Benefit British-American Ambulance Corps, Carnegie Hall, 8:30 P.M.

24—(Christmas Eve) Veterans of the Lincoln Brigade Ball, Manhattan Center.

25—(Christmas Night). Young Theatre Players—opening, "Emperor's New Clothes," Heckscher Theatre.

31—(New Year's Eve) Howitzer Hop—Royal Windsor.

JANUARY

3—Council for Negro Culture, Salute to Negro Troops, Golden Gate Ballroom (217 W. 125th St.).

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GOINGS ON

WORKERS SCHOOL FALL DANCE—Sat., Dec. 13, at Irving Plaza—15th St. & Irving Place—40c in advance —55c at door.

MARXIST ANALYSIS OF THE WEEK'S NEWS by Milton Howard, member Daily Worker editorial board, Sun., Dec. 14, 8:30 P.M., Workers School, 35 E. 12 St. Admission 25c.

SAM DARCY SPEAKS on—"THE OUTLOOK FOR THE WAR—MILITARY, POLITICAL & ECONOMIC PERSPECTIVES"—50 E. 13 St., Adm. 25c. Final lecture.

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